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The Shape of Things

GOEBBELS CELEBRATED HIS APPOINTMENT as Reich Plenipotentiary for Total War Effort by treating the German people to a blasphemous, one-man soap opera built around the theme of Hitler's "miraculous" escape from death. That escape, he told them, could only be ascribed to the special intervention of Providence, which "had taken the Führer under its gracious protection." It was, he assured them, a sign from Heaven that, after passing through its present Hell, Germany would emerge victorious. In presenting his version of the "plot," Goebbels made full use of his histrionic talents. Having awed his audience with an apocalyptic vision of the unspeakable consequences had the conspiracy succeeded, he sketched with vivid strokes the story of the bomb explosion, the attempted seizure of the Berlin headquarters building, foiled by a faithful Guard Battalion, and the arrest, drum-head court-martial, and execution of the plotters. The proportion of fact to fiction in this radio drama is not immediately important. What is relevant is the extent to which its narrator was able to steel his listeners for the new tasks he set before them. He proclaimed total mobilization—although that has been proclaimed before in Germany—indicated that the remaining young men in the factories would be drafted into the army, and announced a new program of economic slimming.

*

WILL THIS HARANGUE MOVE THE GERMANS to the kind of last-ditch effort with which the people of Leningrad beat off their besiegers? That is extremely doubtful. On the other hand, there is no evidence of popular support for the conspiring generals and their program for ending the war. The revolt—in so far as there was a revolt—seems to have been confined to the higher ranks of the military hierarchy and to have had little or no support among the junior officers and men. Its failure has made possible a still greater Nazification of the army, indicated by Himmler's appointment to the supreme command of the Home Forces, the introduction of the Nazi salute, and the promotion of leading SS officers. But while the purge of the army has probably been extensive, the Nazis can hardly afford to root out all the "blue-bloods" likely to become infected with defeatism. And Himmler, who at first seemed destined for

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total power, has emerged from the turmoil merely as one of a triumvirate of which the other members are Göring and Goebbels. As these three are notoriously uncongenial comrades, it is questionable how far this move will promote unity. More likely than not, a good deal of their energies will be devoted to intrigues against each other. What is even more questionable is the ability of the reorganized command to stop the rot on the Eastern front.

*

THE RUSSIAN COMMAND HAS BRILLIANTLY exploited gross errors in German strategy—errors which stem directly from Hitler's determination never to retire voluntarily from any conquered territory. The military folly of this essentially political policy is perfectly illustrated in the case of the Baltic states. Had General Lindemann's army of some 300,000 men been withdrawn promptly from Esthonia and Latvia when the Russians first broke through in the center, the Germans might have been able to organize a defense line masking Warsaw and East Prussia. But Hitler's orders were to hold the Baltic states at all costs with the apparent objective of keeping Finland in the war and preventing a peace stampede by the other satellites. The result has been the smashing of the thinly spread German lines in Poland while Lindemann is about to be trapped against the Baltic coast. German commentators now talk about straightening the line but the opportunity has vanished.

*

SECRETARY HULL'S REBUKE TO ARGENTINA for continued pro-Axis activities was an admirably timed and devastating indictment of the Farrell regime. If documentation and logic could be relied upon to swerve the mad policies of the present Argentine government, Mr. Hull might be said to have done his complete duty. But as Ray Josephs points out in an article appearing elsewhere in this issue, this is not the first time that the State Department has delivered a stinging rebuke to Argentina. The Farrell government, like the Axis regimes in Germany, Italy, Japan, and Spain, has shown itself to be contemptuous of moral or legal considerations. Like the others, it was born in violence and is susceptible only to force. The totalitarian mentality of its leaders was underscored by the obviously staged character of the "mass" demonstration held to acclaim Foreign Minister Peluffo and President Farrell for their stand in defense of Argentine "sovereignty." News reports indicate that the demonstrators consisted largely of municipal and government employees, school children accompanied by their teachers, and members of government-controlled labor unions. The great majority of the Argentine people are understandably silent, but reports from Montevideo tell of a secret manifesto prepared by the university students attacking the Farrell regime. The chief support of the regime, apart from the army, appears to be among the businessmen and plantation owners who have profited from Argentina's immense wartime trade with the United Nations. Suspension of that trade would in all probability eliminate this support and bring a quick end to a regime that has disgraced Argentina in the eyes of the world.

*

CANADA HOLDS TWO IMPORTANT ELECTIONS on August 8. In Quebec, Premier Godbout's Liberal administration faces the mixed opposition of the nationalistic and reactionary Union Nationale led by Maurice Duplessis, the Bloc Populaire with its strong anti-war emphasis, and the C. C. F., a comparative newcomer to Quebec provincial politics. Godbout's record has been fairly good; his government has improved educational standards, extended the franchise to women, and socialized electric power by establishing the Quebec Hydro. His hope of survival in a province where nationalistic and reactionary currents are running high lies in the likelihood that his opponents on the right will kill each other off. The C. C. F.'s progress has so far been slow in Quebec and it has a fighting chance to win in only a few industrial seats. A defeat for Godbout would be a serious blow to Mr. King's Liberal government, since Quebec is the last remaining provincial stronghold of his party. In Alberta the Social Credit government comes up for its third-term test. Its strength has waned, particularly since Premier Aberhart's death, but its record for honest administration—apart from its failure to fulfil its utopian monetary promises—has been good. Opposing it are two main groups: a coalition of Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives and the C. C. F. It is the latter group, under the leadership of Elmer Roper, present member for Edmonton, which is calculated to provide the real challenge. The sweeping victory of the C. C. F. in Saskatchewan, where it now constitutes the government, has undoubtedly added to its power in the neighboring prairie province, which faces similar economic and social problems. A decisive gain for the C. C. F. in Alberta would increase its steadily rising national prestige and raise its hopes for the federal election, which cannot be long delayed.

*

CHUNGKING HAS REVEALED THAT AS EARLY as last May a preliminary agreement between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists was signed at Sian. Negotiations for a final agreement have apparently been held up by differences over twelve specific proposals submitted by the Communists as a minimum basis for promoting military and political cooperation. But the Chinese Minister of Information, Liang Han-chao, has predicted at least a "partial solution" of these problems in the not too distant future. Responsible observers who have recently come from China stress the difficulties the Chinese face in seeking a long-range political settlement

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in the absence of concrete post-war policies on the part of the United States and Great Britain. As allies in the common struggle against Japan, the two Anglo-Saxon powers are naturally anxious to see unity restored in China. Presumably they have said as much to Chungking. But there is no indication that they have fortified their advocacy of unity by offering a practical program of economic assistance which would aid China in breaking the archaic bonds of landlordism. Weakened by seven years of almost single-handed resistance, tortured by a spiraling inflation, and torn by internal political struggles, China stands in desperate need of military, financial, and political help from this country.

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DISREGARDING MR. WILLKIE'S WARNINGS and its Federalist traditions, the Republican Party built a quantity of dead states' rights timber into its Chicago platform. No less recklessly Mr. Dewey, anxious to marshal in his campaign the forces of the twenty-six states with G. O. P. administrations, is planning to place a heavy political weight on these same dubious planks. At the Republican Governors' conference which opens at St. Louis on August 2, the conflict between federal, state, and local governments is to be dramatized. This, says Governor Dewey, "has been a constant source of friction for twelve years in this country." (How conveniently short Republican memories are!) But he promises us that perfect harmony will reign once more after January 20, 1945, *if* the Governors' conference is successful in reaching an agreement on this problem. A glance at the fifteen-point agenda announced by Mr. Dewey is enough to show how big an "if" this is. It includes labor, employment services and unemployment insurance, public works and highways, water and flood control, and agriculture. These are all matters on which policies must be laid down centrally rather than locally if we are to avoid Balkanization of the country. And we do not believe that, even in the interest of Republican unity, the governors will be able to agree on clear lines of demarcation between state and federal jurisdictions. Take the question of aviation, omitted in the agenda. This seems a natural for federal regulation but a number of states are agitating strongly at this moment against proposals which would make all planes serving as common carriers subject to the rules of the Civil Aeronautics Board. An even more serious omission is the absence of any reference to the growing tendency of states to erect "tariff barriers" against each other and to encroach on the federal government's clear jurisdiction over inter-state commerce.

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WE RETURN TO THE SOLDIERS' VOTE ISSUE not because we are fanatics on the subject but because we feel it is a basic issue of democracy that now probably will have to be settled at the polls. Americans do not like to be disfranchised, particularly if the reason for their disfranchisement is being overseas in the service of their country. New Yorkers, suffering under a clumsy state law that will prevent most of the armed services from voting and absolutely debar all of the merchant seamen and Red Cross and civilian war agency workers who are overseas, feel particualrly strongly on this subject. But the issue is national, since the chief obstacle in the way of liberalizing the New York act is Governor Dewey, candidate for President. A recent meeting of the New York War Ballot Commission decided by a split vote against making federal ballots available to those servicemen who failed to secure state ballots and allowing merchant seamen to come under the state voting law. Ironically, this action took place on the very day an advertising firm with Mr. Dewey's permission attempted to distribute to New York radio stations a "canned" message from the Governor explaining how simple it was for New York soldiers to vote. So far only one station has accepted. The most outrageous effect of the law is the complete disfranchisement of those New York merchant seamen who on November 6 happen to be busy carrying supplies to one of our battle fronts. They are banned from receiving federal ballots available to seamen in many other states and they don't qualify to receive state ballots.

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TO THE CONSTERNATION OF ANTI-NEW DEAL forces, the Deep South continues to evidence signs of political regeneration. Following the lead of Florida and Alabama, the voters of Texas, South Carolina, and Arkansas last week cast aside several of their most reactionary or inept representatives. While Texas returned most of its present Congressional delegation—with the exception of the self-removed Martin Dies—it distinguished itself by defeating Representative Kleberg, a wealthy rancher, who was a leader in the campaign to scuttle the Administration's anti-inflation program. In South Carolina, "Cotton Ed" Smith, notable as a champion of "white supremacy" and as an opponent of the President's policies, was decisively beaten by Governor Olin D. Johnston. Although Governor Johnston tried to give the impression that he was as strong for "white supremacy" as his opponent, he campaigned as a supporter of President Roosevelt, and his victory should end the Old Guard's effort to steal South Carolina's electoral vote from the Roosevelt column in November. Equally encouraging was Representative Fulbright's success in running first in a field of five in the Arkansas Senatorial contest. Although Fulbright faces a run-off election against Governor Adkins, his margin over the other four candidates was so large as to make his election practically certain. On foreign policy the 39-year-old Fulbright's record is extraordinarily good. His record on domestic policy is much less impressive, but he should prove a valuable member of the Senate.

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NATION READERS HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT complete coverage of week-by-week developments in the political campaign. *The Nation* has made a special arrangement with the Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University, to provide a weekly column of political and propaganda analysis from now until the November elections. The column will analyze the significance of public opinion polls—national, regional, and local. It will study propaganda methods used by both the major parties and by such groups as the CIO–PAC. It will appraise the trend of election sentiment in important sections of the electorate—the Negro community, national and cultural minorities, women voters. The series will begin next week with a discussion of "How to Read a Poll."

The Polish Rivals

SWEEPING across the Polish plains toward Warsaw, the Red Army is freeing Poland from the Nazi yoke. But its successes have raised in an acute form the problem of the political future of Poland, which, if not solved, may well add to the tribulations of that unhappy country the horrors of civil war. Soon after it crossed the Curzon Line, the Soviet government gave recognition to the Polish Committee of National Liberation and, professing unwillingness to set up a Russian military government, placed in its hands the civil administration of the freed territories. The Committee is an off-shoot of the pro-Soviet Polish National Council, an underground group which does not adhere to the government-in-exile seated in London.

The formation of what is in effect a rival government has, not surprisingly, been hotly denounced by the London regime. Actually, neither the government-in-exile nor the new committee has a clear title to represent the Polish people. The former bases its claim on the 1935 constitution—a dubious instrument foisted on Poland by Pilsudski and never properly ratified. Before the war this constitution was regarded as illegal by all the democratic parties and was attacked by Premier Mikolajczyk, whose authority is now derived from it. A more practical buttress for the government's pretensions, perhaps, is the fact that ever since the fall of Poland its legitimacy has been recognized by Britain and America, and this recognition was confirmed last week by Mr. Eden and Mr. Hull. Against this must be set the support of its rival by the Russians, on whom the burden of liberating Poland is falling. The Committee, moreover, thanks to this support, is "the man in possession"—always a strategic position legally. In addition, it is backed by a Polish army which is actually taking part in the freeing of Poland. The presence of such a force, marching under the Polish flag, must inevitably attract popular support.

In the long run, only a free choice by the people of Poland can decide the future form and personnel of a truly legitimate Polish government. Both present claimants assert that they have the people behind them, but that question can only be settled when a free election is possible. Any attempt to hold such an election while Russian troops are in the country would be suspect by the rest of the world, for, in the past, popular plebiscites under Soviet auspices have not followed acceptable democratic methods. Nor, for that matter, were Polish elections prior to the war free from the taint of dictatorship. Hence, when the time comes for the Poles to take a vote, impartial supervision will be essential to ensure not merely a genuinely free choice but a choice which world opinion accepts as free. Such a choice, we believe, need not be feared by the Soviet government. Russian prestige will stand high in Poland after the liberation and the Polish masses will not find it hard to understand the advantages of a permanent close Polish-Russian alliance. Nor are they likely to return to power those anti-Soviet cliques whom they have known in the past as exploiters and oppressors.

This, however, is looking toward the future; the immediate need is for an understanding between the democratic elements in the London government and the group recognized by Russia. Premier Mikolajczyk has just gone to Moscow, following urgent representations to Marshal Stalin by Mr. Churchill. Is there any hope of effecting a compromise such as has recently been achieved between Marshal Tito and the Royal Yugoslav government-in-exile? That should not be impossible if Premier Mikolajczyk is courageous enough to cut away the anti-democratic and anti-Soviet dead wood that clutters up nis London government. Ideologically, there seems to be very little difference between the two parties. The National Committee has adopted a program which is definitely non-communist. It bases its economic policy on private property, the redistribution of large estates, and the encouragement of individual small holders. The program drawn up by underground leaders loyal to the London government follows exactly the same lines.

The Eastern frontier no longer appears to be a major point of disagreement, while both sides are pressing very large territorial claims in the West. The National Committee talks of incorporating into Poland Silesia, East Prussia, and part of Pomerania, and hints at a boundary along the River Oder. If it is true that this claim has received the endorsement of the Soviet government, that does give Washington and London solid grounds for complaint. For there is an understanding among the three great allies against any unilateral action in regard to peace terms. Whatever arguments may be put forward for amputating part of eastern Germany, so momentous a decision ought to be reserved for joint consultation and agreement.

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Parties in Flux

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE course of events at the Democratic convention in Chicago seemed to be directed by men and forces easy to spot even when they were operating behind closed doors or from a distance. The President, the party bosses, the dissident Southern leaders, the C. I. O., the various candidates for nomination. They all represented power and their maneuvers, subtle or crude, produced a result that coincides roughly with the present balance of power in the party—which is not the same thing, obviously, as the popular will of the Democratic voters.

But the political strategists were themselves the instruments of much more powerful forces—forces which control events with a mastery that Boss Kelly and the Texas "Regulars," and even the President himself cannot match. Perhaps they are not even aware of it, for they too are being swept along toward destinies they can neither choose nor avoid.

The end of the war will bring revolution to Europe. Never mind whether the revolution is successful or abortive, whether it is peaceable or violent. It will come in one form or another to every country from the Balkans to Britain. Not even American arms and American food can prevent it, nor the anxious maneuvers of the American State Department. Europe will be a different continent when the political earthquakes have passed. So will Asia. So will Latin America, where the subterranean forces of change have already begun to break through in premonitory warnings.

To most people in the United States these facts are accepted like the ugly facts of the war itself. Revolution on other lesser continents is looked upon as endemic, like poverty and fleas. The idea that the forces that produce it might have an effect in this country is seldom entertained even by a generation that has lived through a depression and been plunged into total war. And our belief in American immunity seems justified by the fact that we did live through the depression with enough leeway in resources and enough political flexibility to prevent fascism. It is not likely, I think, that the full weight of the world revolution will hit the United States.

But that does not mean that the forces moving under the earth of the other continents are not at work under American earth too. It only means that the surface of this country is harder and shows fewer faults. When the war ends and the energies geared to the war are loosed; when the relationships created by the war face the more equivocal demands of peace; when the fiber of the people, hardened to an effort made necessary by war, goes suddenly slack—when this happens something akin to revolution will hit America too. For America like Europe has found no real cure for the profound dislocation that produced fascism and war.

Without fully realizing the probable impact of these shocks, every political faction in America is preparing to meet them. Contending groups are busy concocting strategy to be sure that the forces of change will be harnessed to their particular interests. Each group is trying to maneuver itself and its allies into positions of control. On the surface it looks like the old political finagling; underneath it represents a major struggle for power at a time of imminent political change.

One of these days, the divisions in the two big parties will cleave them wide open. The Southern reactionaries in the Democratic Party will join with their Republican counterparts; already they work together as allies on a dozen fronts. The New Dealers, weakened by endless concessions, now all but homeless, will welcome the liberal Republicans who have followed Willkie into voluntary political exile. And the galvanizing force of a new progressive major party will be provided by the disciplined energies of the Political Action Committee, already spreading beyond its original C. I. O. confines into a broader movement symbolized by the honorary leadership of that great progressive, George W. Norris.

I cannot put much stock in the prospects for a radical "third party" to grow out of the Political Action Committee and the various progressive groups, such as the Farmers' Union, that have gathered around it. A new farmer-labor party to be successful would have to draw upon greater reserves of political consciousness and experience than American workers and farmers have accumulated. Nor can I imagine the P. A. C. and its allies "capturing" the Democratic Party as a whole and turning it to progressive ends, as some of our newspaper prophets have predicted. The Democratic Party is in process of disintegration from within. The apparent strength of the right-wing leaders is countered by strong opposition among the rank and file—as witness the overwhelming popular support of Wallace, the defeat of "Cotton Ed" Smith and a flock of other reactionary office holders. The role of the P. A. C. is to hasten this process and ally itself everywhere with the forces of progress. It is to serve as the vanguard of a new alignment rather than the conqueror of an old party.

The Old Guard is in power today in both parties. But its strength is insignificant compared with the forces of change that are gathering throughout the world. As in all countries, the Old Guard will fight to hold its power. It will make new alliances. It will use every weapon at its disposal—weapons far more deadly than those brought into play at Chicago. But if the progressives realize their strength in time they can shape a successful counter-offensive. For numbers are on their side, and the hopes of ordinary men and women, and the deepest requirements of our struggling industrial civilization.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

The "G" in Gap

WAVELL used to talk about the fundamental tactical problem of "finding the 'G' in Gap"—that is, exploiting a break in a strong defensive front by getting your mobile forces through it before the enemy can reform and close the gap. It is not enough to "find the gap"; you must find the "G" in the gap: the very first opening, and then drive through with all your strength, roll back the enemy's lines on either side to widen the break-through, and thus make it broad enough for your mobile forces to get to the enemy's rear, sever his immediate lateral communications, split up his forces into isolated local groups, and push ahead as far and as rapidly as possible. It is more of a problem in time than in space; any defensive line can be broken, but exploiting the break-through takes dash, mobility, and a daring disregard for the exposed flanks of your mobile force.

Hanson Baldwin reported in The New York *Times* last week that the widely differing speeds of the Russian and Anglo-American advances had "become a sort of grim jest [in Normandy]; it is said that we shall soon have to adjust our artillery fire to avoid laying down a barrage on the Russians advancing from the East." (The fact that it was a jest is the best possible indication of the good morale prevailing in the 21st Army Group.) Indeed, a comparison of what happened on the two fronts last Thursday, for instance, is superficially odious: the Red Army took Rezekne, Dvinsk, Bialystok, Lvov, and Stanislavov, and isolated General Lindemann's army group in the Baltic States by cutting the Riga-Koenigsberg railway, while the 21st Army Group captured Périers and Lessay, broke through west of St. Lo, and was actually repulsed south of Caen.

But I think the comparison is only superficially odious, and that July 27 may be regarded as one of the great days of the war against Germany, marred for the Allies only by the costly and tragic death of General McNair, who contributed so much to the foundations of American success in Normandy. The fact is that the Allies found the "G" in Gap for the first time in Western Europe when General Bradley's troops burst through the enemy's thick crust of defenses west of St. Lo and swung sharply toward Coutances and the sea, forcing a general enemy withdrawal.

This success, which was extended over the weekend by a further drive to Avranches and the British push in the middle of the line, followed a series of disappointments. These were well analyzed in three remarkably frank dispatches from London last week that caused doleful head-shaking in both Britain and America. The head-shaking was halted (temporarily) by the break-through, but the dispatches are valid, and should be remembered.

First, Drew Middleton of the New York *Times* expressed reasonable doubt as to the agility of the British attack southeast of Caen, asking pungently "whether audacity in certain circumstances was any more costly than that sort of caution that committed forces to a long period of attrition." Second, Richard L. Tobin of the New York *Herald Tribune* used the failure of air power to open the way for that drive as a springboard for the first complete and honest dispatch I have read on "What Air Power Cannot Do." Third, Hanson Baldwin, that old critic of the generals, surveyed the strong and weak points of the entire Normandy situation, and concluded that "more vigor and drive and boldness are needed, and less caution about our flanks, if the war in Europe is to be ended quickly, and particularly if the Allies in the West are to match the Russian gains in the East."

These dispatches, which did the American press and the Allied censorship honor, exposed our weaknesses—and our difficulties—constructively, so that even the generals might profit by them. Certainly we at home might profit by them: the accounts of the terrible hedgerow country, the problem of getting many divisions into action on a narrow front, and the limitation of air support by the weather show us good reasons for the slow going of those weeks. The accounts of caution remind us of other reasons, repeatedly demonstrated in this war, why spectacular advances of the Western Allies are infrequent and a long time in coming: too many of our commanders, remembering the textbooks they read after 1918, have not yet learned to trust swift armored columns with the protection of their own flanks while the infantry follows up more slowly, and make the mistake of thinking that the price of victory—which is casualties—is cheapened by fighting a war of attrition rather than a war of movement. (Actually I would guess that proportional Russian losses have been lower in the past month than British and American losses.) And, finally, the brilliant account of what air power cannot do reminds us again that war is a combined operation, not to be won by a single arm no matter how glamorous it is made by fugitive advertising men.

As this is written, it is too early to assess the scope of the American success in Normandy. The "G" in Gap was found, and given an excellent initial exploitation,

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suggesting that General Bradley at least is not among the timid. But many miles of the wicked *bocage* country lie ahead, and the Germans are strongly echeloned against the British, who face better country for fast going. Anyway, the gate is swinging on Caen; when it is unhinged, there should be a pursuit, rapid and perhaps decisive.

What Bretton Woods Did

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 27

BRETTON WOODS did not provide a universal economic panacea. Neither the International Monetary Fund nor the Bank for Reconstruction and Development can prevent another great depression. The hostile criticism of the banking community has usefully stressed the fact that neither agency can operate successfully for any length of time without a diminution of trade barriers and a more enlightened tariff policy. Had Bretton Woods been supplemented by a confab on Mount Washington between God and Einstein, it couldn't have produced a mechanism that would enable each nation to go on happily restricting its imports and expanding its exports; you cannot multiply by subtraction.

The success of the Fund and the Bank, if they squeeze through Congress, will depend upon our willingness to act on this fairly obvious proposition. Unfortunately it is not a matter of intellectual grasp. Not vox populi but vox Grundy is at fault. Our business men pretty generally understand that you cannot sell unless you buy, but their advocacy of freer trade usually stops short at their own factory gates. The average Congressman is not so economically illiterate as he appears to be, but it takes extraordinary courage to spit in the eye of a wealthy industrial constituent who wants protection against foreign goods, and can muster his workers and their labor union as additional pressure on a legislator who threatens to lapse into statesmanship.

If we revert to Hawley-Smoot monkeyshines, so, in self-defense, will the rest of the world. In that case neither the Fund nor the Bank can save us. They can only facilitate the exchange of goods; they cannot substitute for it. Their solvency and their effectiveness depend upon a willingness to buy as well as sell. As the world's principal creditor and largest market, we must either take goods in large quantities or see the gold and dollars of the Fund turn into wobbly pesos, francs, or kroner, and kiss our investment in the Bank good-bye.

Thus far do the New York *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, the seers of the monthly bank letters, and the house-broken sages of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy, make a constructive contribution to discussion. Beyond that they lapse into the senile regurgitation of ideas that bore a semblance to reality when John Stuart Mill was a boy, and then only from the longitude of Manchester. If the fate of the Fund and the Bank depended on the revival of free trade, Nineteenth Century style, Bretton Woods could be written off as a junket for Washington brain trusters and European bankers-in-exile.

What makes Bretton Woods historic is that its starting point was not the stimulation of exports but the stimulation of imports. A few sentences from a recent League of Nations report (the ghost still talks) may make this clearer. Its criticism of the monetary stabilization programs of the 20's is that "the need for coordinated policies for the maintenance of national incomes and good conditions of employment in all countries was never fully appreciated." The gold standard was restored with "the limited objective" of exchange stability. The "new objective" is the maintenance of "economic activity and employment." The starting point of those who met at Bretton Woods was at the opposite pole from the Kemmerers who speak for the protectionists. The League's experts express it well: "When productive resources are being employed to the full, exports can no longer be viewed as a means to provide employment; they become the necessary means of paying for what is really required and consumed, namely, imports." The Fund and the Bank were constructed to work in a world in which each government takes steps to maintain its domestic economic activity and employment at a high level. Where there is full employment, large imports do not become a matter of enlightened argument; they become economically necessary and inevitable. A fully employed United States, for example, would require huge quantities of foreign raw materials and buy considerable quantities of foreign luxury and consumer goods. Where there is full employment, the pressure for tariffs is weakened, their effect lessened.

In this perspective, the Fund and the Bank appear not as revolutionary financial mechanisms but as timid compromises with the past. The virtue of the Fund is that it would permit governments engaged in providing jobs by public expenditure to prevent the flight of capital; its weakness is that it still links currencies to the deflationary drag of gold, places narrow limits on the management of money for domestic purposes, and allows any one of the three great Powers, the United States, Britain,

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or the Soviet Union, to veto a uniform alteration of exchange rates. In conservative banking hands, these limitations could put severe brakes on "Keynesian" programs in the poorer countries. Since the rest are all in that category, the danger here is from the United States. At Bretton Woods our country played an enlightened role, of which we may all be proud. But a new Administration guided by conventional banking ideas could turn the Fund into little else than a somewhat more flexible gold standard.

The Bank likewise is about as ultra-conservative as it is possible to be within the limits of the more progressive attitude which war, devastation, and poverty have forced on the other capitalist nations. Here the fault does not lie with the American delegation; as representatives of a nation with most of the world's gold and not enough of the world's dental cavities, they had to link the Fund to gold to maintain the value of our squirrel hoard at Fort Knox. When the Bank came up, the American delegation was for an institution of far greater powers than those finally agreed upon. It was the undertow from European central and private bankers, especially the smug Dutch, that limited the Bank's power to lend and to guarantee loans to 100 per cent of its capital. This $1-to-$1 ratio would make it the most conservative bank the world has ever seen, and as the *Wall Street Journal* was quick to note, correspondingly reduce its power to compete with the private bankers and provide a check on their interest rates.

This conservatism is rather encouraging than otherwise, for it provides the best hope of conciliating enough of the banker opposition to get the Fund and the Bank through Congress. Much of this banker opposition is just instinctive hostility to anything new, like Wall Street's opposition to the Federal Reserve System when it was first proposed. Much of it is a kind of dog-in-the-manger attitude on the part of those who have no program for the revival of international lending but hate to see the government do it.

The old gold standard is a dead duck. For the banker, the Fund represents a means to preserve some link to gold and the Bank the only basis on which international lending can be revived on any adequate scale. For the people Bretton Woods offers the one hope of restoring multilateral international trade, which has a lot to do with international peace, and doing so on a domestic "full employment" basis. Bretton Woods compromised with the past but looked toward the future. Once established, the Fund and the Bank can become as powerful instruments for world stability and prosperity as the people, especially the American people, are disposed to make them.

Argentine Showdown?

BY RAY JOSEPHS

CRITICS of the State Department's equivocal policy in regard to Argentina—there are more of them to the square kilometer in Buenos Aires than in Washington—gave a sigh of anticipation when Secretary Hull, in the strongest terms, served notice that we consider Argentina to be openly "deserting" its sister republics, and dealing with and aiding Axis powers.

The State Department summed up our position vis-à-vis the Farrell regime in detail and warned that the majority of the other American republics were in accord on the diplomatic isolation of a country actively working against the United Nations. The action could not have been a surprise to anyone, with the possible exception of the Casa Rosada. It came as a climax to Washington's recall of Ambassador Norman Armour and Argentina's come-home-quick signal to Dr. Adrian C. Escobar.

The big question, both here and on the River Plate, is what we now intend to do about it. Front-page dispatches, editorials, and columnists talk blithely of economic sanctions. But the word from Buenos Aires via underground friends in Montevideo is that the pro-democratic elements there are highly skeptical. They think this is going to develop into merely another sharp word-and-wind exchange in the tradition of the famed correspondence between Secretary Hull and Foreign Minister Storni last September.

On that occasion, Storni wrote a letter to Mr. Hull explaining that he was writing with the full approval of President Ramirez. (That meant the approval of the colonels' G.O.U., since from the beginning Ramirez was their front man and hardly much more.) Storni pointed out that the San Martin Palace policy of "prudent neutrality" actually represented an "invaluable contribution to hemisphere solidarity and cooperative continental defense." For this reason it would be very nice if President Roosevelt would "make a gesture of genuine friendship toward our people" in the form of providing such little trinkets as airplanes, spare parts, armaments, and machinery which would "restore Argentina to a position of equilibrium" in relation to the other South American countries. Storni claimed that the Argentine people were strongly for the Allies. The army, he had to admit, did

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not share this enthusiasm. However, a symbolic gesture such as he had indicated would probably do much to change their minds.

Mr. Hull's twenty-four-hundred-word reply sounded as good in Spanish as in the Tennessee drawl in which it must have been dictated. First, he listed the commitments made by Argentina at the Rio Conference of Foreign Ministers not long after Pearl Harbor. Then, he showed how Argentina had ignored, flouted, or forgotten almost every one of them. He knocked over each point that Storni had raised, with fairness and incontestable logic. A number of us waiting around the U.P. office in Buenos Aires as the texts were coming in wondered what the government would do. The colonels were debating whether to release the story to the public. Finally, they decided that popular sentiment was sure to be on their side and not only stamped an okay on the correspondence but told the papers they might comment freely. The response was terrific—but hardly what the military expected. For the press followed Hull right down the line, and the public, incensed at the colonels for making fools of themselves, applauded the press and Mr. Hull instead of damning the Yanquis for insulting their national pride. Even the Axis sheets could do no more than demand Storni's head.

Storni was thrown to the wolves and other resignations followed. Even so, public feeling mounted. The colonels, fearing a counter-move they could not stand up against, ordered out every soldier and every piece of equipment in Buenos Aires. New York was pressing us for news, and the censors, not content with warning newsmen against making any predictions, were locking up anybody who spoke in the future tense. The most conservative observers felt that if the pro-democratic forces had been organized or if some missing spark had been applied the military regime would have fallen then and there. As it was the colonels sat tight and rode out the storm.

Meanwhile, Washington, as far as we could tell from Buenos Aires, sat and twiddled its thumbs. The Axis forces were so frightened that many agents ducked for cover. But once the excitement died down Berlin intensified its activity. Espionage, sabotage, and fifth column work continued with the increasingly open aid of the Argentine military and the behind-the-scenes boys in the Foreign Ministry. We could see this happening, knowing what it was costing the United Nations' war effort. We followed the pro-Axis dailies because they always gave the tip-off on what was coming. We saw the pro-democratic organizations closed up one by one, the political parties dissolved, freedom of religion abolished. This rise of native totalitarianism appeared not to worry Washington or London. It was the increasing aid to the Axis that finally in January 1944 caused them to issue the still unrevealed demand that diplomatic ties with Berlin and Tokyo be cut. This time there was hardly a crisis. The colonels, in true Goebbels style, built up the break with the Axis. The Argentine people looked on apathetically: they had seen it all before and they would see it again. As Mr. Hull tells the story in the current memorandum, what happened thereafter was merely a flurry of anti-Axis activity to catch the headlines —nothing more.

The colonels believed that Ramirez was ready to actualize the diplomatic break by integrating Argentina into the continental defense system. (This Ramirez denied when some of us interviewed him on the subject.) The colonels, therefore, led by the war minister Juan Domingo Peron, moved in on him and forced him out, installing Farrell in his place. The Farrell regime, as might be expected, has continued the pro-Axis policy. Pro-Nazis are not only tolerated but have been given some of the most important ministries and agencies. These have "rapidly and energetically," to use Mr. Hull's words, "implanted a domestic totalitarian system that fully complements and supports their pro-Axis foreign policy through control of the press, the courts, the schools, and other key institutions." The Argentine government has turned over to blacklisted Axis firms important United States materials shipped to Allied concerns under carefully checked export licenses. It has exercised economic sanctions against smaller and weaker Latin American countries that have been supporting the United States policy of non-recognition. Furthermore, although this is not stressed by Mr. Hull, through its domestic policy and its ties with the Axis, the Argentine government has established a firm pro-Axis beachhead in this hemisphere which may have important consequences after the war.

It is doubtful if the Argentine people or the Argentine government will regard the present State Department attack seriously unless it is followed up. In the official Argentine denial—given out before the Argentine people had a chance to read even a much-cut version of Mr. Hull's statement—Foreign Minister Orlando L. Peluffo denied that the Argentine was working against continental solidarity. He emphasized that no change in policy was contemplated. The well-worn argument was produced that sovereignty of Argentina would be impaired if it seemed that its policy was dictated from abroad. He harped on another favorite theme: Argentine neutrality was helping the war effort by supplying vital food and war supplies, and concluded his radio talk by showing just how closely Argentina was tying up with her Good Neighbors with the sole purpose of strengthening continental solidarity.

More important than Peluffo's speech were the expressions of the *Nacionalistas,* the only real supporters of the government, and the actions of the army. The nationalists demonstrated while Peluffo was talking. The military clique seethed and kept quiet. *Cabildo* and *Federal,* the pro-Axis dailies which speak for the government, started

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screaming against the United States, charging openly and violently that we were falsifying Argentina's position, planning to attack her and seeking to dictate what she should do.

Hot-headed elements in the army have been meeting in the suburban Campo Mayo barracks—where the June 4 coup was planned—and discussing mobilization to meet any emergency, "external" rather than internal. Reports are already circulating that the United States has a fleet ready off Punta del Este, the outermost point of the wide bay of the Rio de la Plata. Recent classes of Argentina's conscript army have been called up. Arms production has been put on a 24-hour-day basis, and all leaves have been cancelled. All of this suggests that the military leaders believe that some time the good-neighborly patience of Mr. Hull and the Roosevelt Administration would come to an end. They don't think that the present memorandum suggests more drastic action; we are annoyed and possibly indignant but that is all. However, some day there will be more than the stiff reprimand and Argentina's leaders are preparing public opinion against the day when they can point the shocked finger at the aggressive imperialism of the United States.

This propaganda and the military preparations are having their effect, even if eighty per cent of the Argentine people are definitely in favor of democracy. The pro-democratic leaders explain that bitter feeling against the United States is being stirred up by the propaganda of the military and the government without the pro-democratic cause being furthered. Nobody wants us to send down the Marines. Nobody wants United States' interference in Argentine affairs. But pro-democratic leaders feel that drastic economic action—cutting off our purchases of Argentine meat and refusing to sell Argentina our products—would have a wholesome effect. Although they fully realize that outside pressure is not the sole answer, they see our present policy as tantamount to Franco appeasement and Darlan and Badoglio compromise. And they are convinced that the colonels are of the same opinion.

We were always being told in Buenos Aires that the Allied high command was opposed to cutting off meat purchases. The meat had to come from somewhere and the American people would be resentful if they were more seriously rationed so that the English could eat better. The State Department's release of Peron's warlike speech and the Hull memorandum itself suggests that perhaps the Department wants to know if it will have popular backing at home for the next more drastic step. Americans in Argentina have placed some of the blame on London for our holding back on economic sanctions. But in my opinion Downing Street as well as the British businessmen in Argentina would be willing to go along with us if the war food supply was assured.

There would of course be popular opposition to this course both in Argentina and in other smaller South American countries where there is some secret admiration of Argentina for "standing up" to the United States. But the majority of the Argentine people would be for it, particularly those democratic leaders who have themselves experienced the ruthless suppression, the jailings, the tortures carried out by the military regime.

Secretary Hull has ruled out any bargaining or negotiation over a course of action to which Argentina has long since been committed. "The principles for which the free nations of the world are today contributing the full measure of their human and material resources cannot be the subject of a bargain." The case of Argentina is transparently not merely a matter of internal policy; it involves the Allied war effort. It is difficult to discover, therefore, the reasons which would deter us from insisting by whatever means necessary that Argentina abandon her role of aiding those against whom the United Nations are pitting their total strength.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THERE IS TALK of an American [Atlantic] cable—that is, of a cable owned in America, and, we suppose, paid out from this side; but we fear no cable can, in the present state of American industry, be made here cheap enough to compete with those of English manufacture.—*August 5, 1869.*

THE WANT of comic talent is certainly not the reason why we have to answer in the negative the often-asked question, "why we have no comic paper in America?" . . . Mr. Nasby, the San Francisco "Town Crier," Mr. Mark Twain, Mr. Josh Billings, some of the men on the *World*, Mr. Leland, the jester of the Boston *Post*, the balladist of "Truthful James," some of the story-tellers of the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's*, to say nothing of the jokers who scintillate more or less feebly in the journals of the Union generally, would, if they could be got together in one corps, make a comic journal which it would be very hard to beat.—*August 5, 1869.*

THINGS ARE NOT going well in Austria. . . . Nobody is satisfied with the present state of things except the Hungarians. Their success in getting all they want has stimulated the exertions of the Bohemians and Croats, who demand the concession of autonomy also; and, unfortunately for the Austrian Ministry, there is not a single reason for refusing their demands which would not also apply to the demands of the Hungarians.—*August 12, 1869.*

"THE SCIENCE OF RIGHT," by J. G. Fichte. Translated by A. E. Kroeger. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.). . . . Americans should accept with some reserve the representations now made that Fichte and Hegel illustrate the best thought which Germany has produced.—*August 12, 1869.*

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Stalingrad Tomorrow

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moscow, July 22, by Cable

RUSSIANS, like Americans, are discussing post-war plans, but with a different accent. While the Americans plan what to do with Europe, Asia, South America, and the Pacific, the Russians are planning how to rebuild their war-destroyed cities. So far I have not heard a single Russian planning the future of any country but his own.

Architects from all the length and breadth of the Soviet Union have just completed a session on standards of house construction and town planning. A hundred elected delegates of architects' organizations from all parts of the country as well as several hundred Moscow architects and engineers crowded into the Architects' Hall on Granatny Street, which old American residents of Moscow remember as the residence of American relief workers twenty years ago. Now tripled in size by new wings, it contains permanent exhibitions and serves as the publication center of the Architecture Academy.

Much attention was devoted to plans for small houses for two or four families, each family having a separate entrance and a small yard. The explanation was given that these are quicker to build in standard prefabricated form. Those recalling the discussion a decade ago regarding the "socialist" nature of apartment houses as opposed to individual dwellings will realize that Russian families, like Americans, have decided that they prefer more individual home life whenever conditions permit. Large cities, naturally, still plan apartment houses, but a typical factory settlement now features smaller houses with individual yards and trees.

The architects wisely decided not to adopt any single scheme of city planning but to respect each city's special characteristics. For instance, Novgorod, the most ancient cradle of Russian history, with its massive architectural monuments and medieval art, should take advantage of these monuments, constructing parks and squares for their display. Cities possessing lakes and rivers should develop their possibilities.

All projects for city rebuilding propose a marked increase in parks and greenery. They also plan for a large central square, not as a thoroughfare but slightly aside from central thoroughfares and adapted to public gatherings. Years ago I noted this typical new feature of Soviet town planning. Whereas medieval cities centered around the cathedral and the market, and modern capitalist cities center around banks and stores, Soviet cities scatter stores and branch banks through residential areas, using the city center for cultural buildings and great public plazas for public gatherings. This has now been consciously adopted in all future city plans.

Americans will be especially interested in the project for the future Stalingrad. Five architects competed for this, including Academician Iofan, known in America as the designer of the Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1939 but better known here as the designer of the monumental Palace of the Soviets, which is still unfinished because of the war. Iofan's Stalingrad project proved unacceptable. It is interesting to know why. He made the entire city center around a monumental square approached from the Volga by successive concrete terraces leading up to a gigantic memorial figure several stories high. The first impression your correspondent got was how tired Stalingrad people would be by climbing all that cement and how completely the city's past would dominate all daily life.

I was glad to note that my criticism coincided with the official judgment which rejected Iofan's project as "too monumental and unhuman." This trend toward humanizing architecture makes your correspondent foresee possible changes in the future structure of the Moscow Palace of the Soviets, which—as you recall—was planned as the world's tallest structure. It is of colossal dimensions, and many consider it out of proportion to the Moscow scene.

The plan accepted for Stalingrad was drafted by a younger architect, Karo Alabian, an Armenian who is now president of the Architects' Union and vice-president of the Acadamy of Architecture. Alabian personally conducted your correspondent through the exhibit and explained his project for "correlating Stalingrad's proud past with the future of an efficient industrial metropolis and a pleasant living place."

Stalingrad presents a peculiar problem. The city is very long and narrow, running nearly forty miles along the Volga. Actually it is a chain of factory towns with tenuous connections. The project provides four long parkways paralleling the river, each flanked by swift electric trains, similar to our inter-urbans, running the full length of the city and connected by crosstown busses. The first parkway will replace the steam railway which formerly occupied the river bank, shutting off the city from the Volga, and which will now enter the city farther inland by tunnels similar to those of New York. This parkway will connect the city with the river and provide recreation grounds along the shore. All ravines

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running to the river will become parks branching from the parkway.

Stalingrad's great factories will form a broad belt along the river, on the heights above the parkway. Beyond the factories will come a second parkway from 500 to 1,500 feet wide, a green belt separating the factories from the residential districts. The third parkway will be entirely in the residential area, while the fourth will be an autostrad beyond the city limits, suitable for through traffic.

Neither factories nor residences will be erected in the central district, where the heaviest battles raged. Here a great central park will extend a mile inland, enclosing Mamaief Kurgan, the highest point in the city, where the final terrific struggle took place. This hilltop will contain a great battle panorama, including the actual trenches. The mile-deep park will have a sports stadium also, and a memorial square for public demonstrations. This park will be the central gathering place for the entire city. Just opposite it, on the sandy island in the river, a decorative lighthouse will connect the bathing beach resorts with the general city recreation area.

Soviet architects have worked throughout the war on many interesting tasks. The present exhibit shows fascinating models of many fake factories and airfields designed to attract German bombs to false objectives while the real factories, carefully camouflaged, escaped. The architects also designed a traveling theater, which visits the fronts in a single three-ton truck with room for actors, costumes, and scenery. On reaching its destination, the truck opens out, forming an 18-by-22-foot stage with wings, backdrop, and scenery.

"From the beginning of 1942 onward," said Alabian, "we began work on post-war plans for rebuilding. We knew that the Germans would be beaten and that we must plan to build better than before."

This conception of Soviet future building was confirmed by Pierre Cot, the famous French statesman, who has just returned from four months investigating reconstruction in the devastated areas for the Free French government in Algiers. The French hope to profit by Soviet experience in the reconstruction of France. M. Cot said to your correspondent: "The Soviets will compel even this terrible destruction to serve their future uses. Twenty years hence they will have finer cities than if there had been no war."

The Putsch that Failed

BY ALFRED VAGTS

THE political shooting season inside Germany reopened on July 20. There had been a closed season for ten years, since the summer of the Great Purge; and since then those who did the shooting and those for whom they shot had been after other prey in the game preserve of Europe.

To those who are eager to establish a Black Record for Germany since Luther or an even earlier figure, it might not occur that political murder in that country had never had the status of a quasi-institution, as it had in so many other countries. The year 1919 really marked its hideous beginning in Germany, with the murder of the Bavarian Socialist Prime Minister Eisner by Count Arco, scion of a Bavarian noble family. The revolutionaries of the Left fired back under such provocation, but they never equalled the professionals in the handling of arms, the army officers and the bravos employed by them, who cut down Erzberger, Rathenau, and a host of lesser leaders. The Nazis were the party of political murder from the beginning.

The firing squads of June, 1934, were provided by the SS, known abroad as the Elite Guard. Thereafter they replaced the SA as the party's armed force, controlling what their leader Himmler is fond of calling *Kriegsschauplatz Innerdeutschland*—the internal German theater of war. Himmler promised the army to keep this theater quiet so that they could safely concentrate on their foreign campaigns.

Inciters to political murder run the risk of perishing at the hands of political murderers. Now the noblemen within the army have failed in their final putsch—a putsch for peace against the assassins they themselves have raised to power; they are being eliminated by their pupils. For this putsch was the bloody clash of two élites, the hereditary nobility and Hitler's aristocrats, and of the two the latter was bolder—the old noblemen feared to lose estates and position, whereas the SS have nothing to lose but the war.

What Himmler, onetime chicken breeder, has tried to breed in the SS is essentially a new aristocracy, with the old police duties but a new allegiance. They are imbued with absolute obedience to Hitler; by order of Hitler himself, every SS meeting closes with the song,

> If all the world forsake Thee,
> We shall be faithful still,

a Christian hymn written by the romantic poet Novalis (Baron von Hardenberg). Such blasphemy did not repel

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the German nobility, so long forsaken by God, Geist, and all graces. Like so many representatives of big business and finance, the footloose younger sons of the nobility joined the SS—provided they could pass the chicken breeder's "blood" tests, which barred many with traces of Jewish blood in their pedigrees. By early 1943 there were 20 men with the particle *von* and indices of even higher nobility among the 240 highest SS leaders down to brigade leader, a rank corresponding to that of major general in the army. The new aristocracy and the old seemed to blend peacefully, dividing among themselves the labors of government, rearmament, and diplomacy, and sharing the joys of possession. There were occasional revolutionary threats from some Nazi elements, but the danger was not real; landed property and industrial holdings, of which titled men had a larger share than is generally realized abroad, remained secure. Instead of agrarian reform, Germans with "land hunger" were promised holdings in territories to be conquered East and West. Himmler's elaborate organization included a settlement office to arrange such fiefs for loyal sons of the SS. This made possible that harmony between the two élites which was necessary for the preparation and waging of war.

The role of foreign conservatives in creating this state of affairs should not be forgotten or forgiven. After the last war they insisted on maintaining the status quo in German property holdings, thereby protecting the position of the landed aristocracy and the big industrialists, and at the same time fostered measures which would ruin the German middle class. The result was Nazism. And almost up to the outbreak of the present war they encouraged Nazism. Their class interests led them to overlook its nationalist character and its determined revisionism. Indeed, their views are essentially the same even now. Up to July 20, 1944, the conservatives in power in Washington and London might have looked forward to finding among the upper-class Germans the Badoglios and Pétains they would like—but the Nazis are now exterminating the would-be renegades.

Unchecked by British conservatives when it was still possible, the old and the new German élite went on with war preparations through the 30s. But there was some friction even then. Hitler's promise to the contrary notwithstanding, the military monopoly of the Reichswehr was broken by the SS. Ever since the Polish campaign of 1939, the so-called Waffen-SS, or SS-in-arms, has sent its own formations into battle independently of the regular army. They grew from regiments to divisions and corps, until they were on a par with the army, the navy, and the air force. This alone was enough to arouse army jealousy—and in addition they got favored treatment. During the last year and a half a number of army divisions have been dissolved, often after being badly mauled; but the number of SS divisions has been constantly increased, despite the fact that some of them have been practically annihilated. Moreover, their methods of competing for recruits struck the army as unfair. Regular army men and seventeen-year-old civilians were enticed into the SS, leaving the army the more passive and war-weary soldiers and recruits. Thanks to this favoritism, the reward of fanaticism, the number of SS divisions is now seventeen. Membership in the Nazi party seems to be no longer required for membership in the SS, but the SS troops are the most fanatical exponents of Nazi doctrine, both on the battlefield and behind the lines.

No SS general has been captured, except one at Stalingrad, but the Russians report increasing willingness of Reichswehr divisional and corps commanders to surrender and join the Moscow Committee of Free Germans. This committee is headed by a Von Seydlitz, scion of an old Junker family. Some illumination of German social trends may be obtained by studying the occurrence of the particle *von* before names. It reveals something of the competition between the only two élites left in the Reich, the army and the SS. It is significant that every one of the SS division commanders is a commoner—men with names like Meyer, Dietrich, and Lehmann. In the army the top leaders were largely noblemen as late as 1936—80 per cent of the colonel generals in that year were *vons,* 33 per cent of the generals, 30 per cent of the lieutenant generals, 24 per cent of the major generals, and 22 per cent of the colonels. But the tremendous expansion of the army into the Reichswehr and the Luftwaffe called for more leader personnel than the thousand or so noble families could provide; besides, their sons were mostly strangers to the new weapons—airplanes and tanks—which required new brains and technical talent. But the old Junker type was still the die that stamped most military commanders.

Two things are noteworthy in considering these changes and the unavoidable increase of the commoner-officer: (1) On July 20, 1944, a high percentage of the top commanders were still *vons;* in the Great General Staff, the peak association of all German army chiefs, there were 115 *vons* among the 438 members holding ranks from colonel to captain in 1943. (2) There is no similar strain of nobility in the officer corps of the navy and the Luftwaffe. And that, as we might say in our murder-story-as-social-analysis, is the clue to the fact that the navy and the Luftwaffe came out with effusive congratulations after Hitler escaped the bomb, and the army did not.

Victories cement partners in a military coalition, and defeats draw them apart. The enforced harmony between the army and the SS became strained when German defeats took on a serial character. The landings in Normandy set off developments in Germany similar to those set off in Italy by the landings on Sicily. A consid-

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erable group of old officers, their names indicative of noble birth, "lost courage," as General Guderian, a tank expert, declared in a broadcast. They realized that their chances of survival as the governing and possessing class were threatened. In the cold morning after the orgy of blood this type of German officer suddenly became "conservative" once more, knowing that only prompt action could save his possessions. These neo-conservatives, with affiliations in big business and big agriculture, made a salvage attempt. It was one of their own, a Graf von Stauffenberg, who agreed to throw the bomb for them.

The situation was so desperate, and action was so difficult under Himmler's spy system, that no bravo could be hired. A titled officer had to risk his own life for his caste. They were so obviously guilty that a high S. S. official, Dr. Ley, openly accused the whole "idiotic nobility" not only of having plotted against Hitler but of having caused the Wehrmacht to lose ground in the East, West, and South. The German worker was told by his leader that the stab in the back came from his old enemy, the nobleman. The scene may be set for a St. Bartholomew's Night, a "night of the long knives," for the hitherto untouchable German nobility, the last "unscathed" nobility in the world.

The July bombing expressed the conviction of those who have traditionally run the German army and nation as experts that Germany cannot win the war, and that its conduct and termination must be taken out of the hands of the Nazi upstarts and their bohemian corporal. To the German people this explosive declaration can only mean that the experts have pronounced the war hopeless and the Nazis unfit even to wind it up.

Temporarily, the failure of the *Adelsputsch* has only strengthened Nazi control over the Wehrmacht. Himmler, a civilian but Minister of the Interior, is now commander of all forces within the Reich proper. And for the first time an SS general, Hausser by name, has been given the command of a German Army, the Seventh. This army faces the Allies in Normandy, and is an indication to us that a Nazi Party man holds the key position and will bar peace trafficking.

Faced by the Allies' demand for unconditional surrender, the desperadoes who have conquered Germany will fight to the end. Rather than stop the war they will go on inflicting casualties on Germans and Allies alike. The stage seems set not for an early peace but for a Wagnerian *Götterdämmerung*. Even if the nerves of the Führers should fail, there remains the danger that those of their troops such as the SS will not fail. There is again an army of fanatics in the world, fanatics who have at their command the technology which the last armies of fanatics, the Mahdi and the Chinese Boxers, did not possess. And who would say that we, their enemies, have yet used our best and most persuasive arguments against them?

In the Wind

WITH A FINE non-partisan spirit, the United Republican Finance Committee for Metropolitan New York is soliciting funds from members of the American Labor Party. Several members, who repeatedly and in vain urged Governor Dewey to approve the federal ballot in order to facilitate voting by soldiers from New York State, have received a form letter asking their support because "We must 'Back the Fight' of the boys at the front who may not be able to vote in November."

APPARENTLY THE FIGHT is to spare the boys the horrors of full employment when they come home. James S. Kemper, chairman of the National Republican Finance Committee, said this in a recent address: "We cannot have both full employment and freedom. The only period in the history of our country when full employment was assured was during the time of slavery."

OMEN: The Labor Institute of America has prepared a large three-color chart showing how members of Congress have voted during the past two years on issues vital to labor. At $2 each, the charts are selling like hotcakes.

JOE LOUIS has been measured for a figure by Tussaud's Wax Museum in London.

NOW IT MUST BE TOLD: That air-conditioned, noiseless, dustless, two-way-stretch, pre-cooked, house-broken, konvertible, kollapsible, kumfortized, slo-baked, dubbl-seald house of the future turns out to be just an advertising man's occupational disease. The National Association of Home Builders has employed Steve Hannagan, one of the best and highest-priced men in the publicity business, to un-sell the public on the dream houses it has been reading about in the slick-paper magazines. The reason for this move was a survey by the Association, which showed that the average man expects to pay $52 a month after the war to finance a six-room house with two baths and all the mechanical marvels he has been reading about in the ads. Of the people interviewed, 54 per cent said they would not build or buy a home at all unless they could get air conditioning, and 62 per cent said they must have electronic devices to do the housework. Such things, says Mr. Hannagan, are only for "a minority of home buyers in the high income brackets."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A three-year-old placard of the Nasjonal Samling, Vidkun Quisling's party, has suddenly begun to reappear all over Oslo. It reads, "Germany winning on all fronts! Join Germany's victorious forward march! Join the NS Party!" Quisling's police are kept busy tearing them down. . . . A Nazi paper in Prague complains that there is no applause for speakers at anti-Bolshevist meetings.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Bulgaria on the Spot

BY BOGDAN RADITSA

BULGARIA'S rulers, having invested in a loser, are now anxiously waiting for something to turn up; but whatever turns up is likely to be unpleasant. They gave their country over to Germany. Their people now look to Russia for salvation.

This uncomfortable situation could have been avoided. In November, 1940, Soviet Russia sent an emissary to the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs in Sofia to conclude a Russo-Bulgarian mutual-assistance pact. Despite Regent Philov's despotic rule and the Gestapo occupation, which had just been installed, a million of Bulgaria's six million inhabitants signed a petition favoring the proposal, and 140 deputies out of a total of 150 informed the government that they wanted the pact. The government said no. Four months later, in March, 1941, Bulgaria signed the Tri-Partite Pact with the Axis; at the same time it announced that its relations with Russia were "improving," and that with Russia's consent it would allow German troops to enter Bulgaria to keep peace in the Balkans.

The People's Commissariat for Foreign Policy promptly sent an explicit note to the Bulgarian government, stating that "the Soviet government cannot uphold the opinion of the Bulgarian government regarding the correctness of the latter's position in the given question, since this position, irrespective of the desire of the Bulgarian government, leads not to the strengthening of peace but to the widening of the sphere of war and to Bulgaria's involvement in it." The Soviet denial was never made public in Bulgaria.

Since Germany and Russia have been at war, Russia has appealed to Bulgaria several times. On January 23 of this year, as the New York *Times* reported, the representatives of the All-Slav Committee transmitted a message to Bulgaria stressing the fact that "the union with Germany cannot save Bulgaria from war" and that Russia had always supported the Bulgarian patriots and had helped them win independence. A Moscow broadcast on May 30, 1944, quoting from *War and the Working Class,* charged Bulgaria with maintaining a clearly hostile attitude toward Russia, by allowing the Nazis to use air fields, and harbors on the Black Sea and the Danube.

The present Bulgarian government, headed by Ivan Bagrianov, one of King Boris's former aides, does not seem to have the slightest inclination to free itself from Nazi influence. It continues its professions of neutrality, but German troops occupy all key military positions in the country and use it as a base of operations against Greece and Yugoslavia. In fact, the five German divisions in Bulgaria are the mainstay of Regent Philov's government. It has no support among the broad masses of the population.

The conflict in Bulgaria is between the nationalistic, imperialistic impulses of the ruling class and the federalistic, democratic aspirations of the resistance movement, which is based on a deep-rooted Slavic sympathy for Russia. The character of the resistance is not as dynamic as the Yugoslav, chiefly because the Bulgarian peasant is different from the Yugoslav peasant—more passive, more industrious, less inclined to political or social visions. The active resistance against the Germans and the government was initiated by the Workers' Union, which includes the Communists, the left-wing Peasant Party, the Agrarian Party, the progressive elements of the old Socialist and Democratic parties, as well as the officers of the Republican League. The coalition is known as the Fatherland Front. Active in the movement are former Prime Minister Mushanov, a member of the Democratic Party, Nicholas Petkoff, former deputy of the Agrarian Party, and Professor Petko Stainov, of the National Conservative Party. The influence of Colonel Damian Velchev is very great, though this patriot is in prison as the result of an unsuccessful attempt to set up a Bulgarian republic in 1934.

The Partisans started their activities in the summer of 1941 by attacking the concentration camp of Gonda Voda. Since then innumerable acts of sabotage and attacks upon enemy installations have taken place all over the country. In September, 1943, the Minister of the Interior, Docho Hristov, asserted that the Partisan movement had only 2,000 members. But in November the government announced that the Partisans had sustained over 1,000 casualties. The Moscow All-Slav Committee put the number of Bulgarian Partisans at 30,000. Other sources in Bulgaria speak of a force of from 12,000 to 20,000 which is in direct contact with Tito's Yugoslav Army of Liberation. Among Tito's Partisans there is one Bulgarian detachment. The Bulgarian army has refused to fight the Bulgarian Partisans, and the government has had to create a "fighting police unit" dedicated "to crushing the revolts, fighting the enemies of the state, suppressing all Partisan and terrorist bands, and restoring order." At the end of 1943 the Bulgarian Minister of the Interior declared: "I will not refrain from

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mentioning the fact . . . that in certain mountainous regions . . . there are wandering groups . . . bandits who are trying to disrupt internal order. In order that their liquidation may be speedy, the government will require the assistance of the entire organized force."

The Germans have started taking hostages in Bulgaria, and the prisons are full. Lately, certain generals, including General Lukas, who was Minister of War in the Bojilov government, have been taken into custody. Once entirely loyal to fascism, they can no longer be trusted by the Gestapo or the clique surrounding the court, for they see German defeat approaching. Several generals and high officers have escaped to Russia or Turkey, and they have all declared that they want to serve in the Red Army. This situation is similar to the one which arose in the second half of 1918, when the Bulgarian army split and disbanded even before its Austro-German partners had collapsed on the western front. There is a decided possibility of an army coup d'état, but it will probably not be carried out before the Red Army has crossed the Bulgarian frontiers. Meanwhile, the Germans are policing the country and the army.

The Bulgarian ruling class has accepted collaboration with Hitler because of its dream of a Greater Bulgaria which would include the northern Greek provinces and Yugoslav Macedonia—in other words, which would unite the whole of Macedonia under the Bulgarian flag. Unfortunately for the Bulgarian rulers, Greece and Yugoslavia will never accept such a territorial settlement. Certainly Tito will not. Yugoslav Macedonia has been recognized as a sovereign entity by the National Liberation Charter, equal in status to the other components of the Yugoslav nation. Bulgaria will have to accept this solution, for if it continues in its present course it will find Yugoslavia and Greece a united opposition. Nor will Russia be inclined to show any great tenderness toward a country which should have been an ally but which preferred the dubious benefits of collaboration with the enemy.

Back in 1941 Bogdan Philov, then Prime Minister of Bulgaria, explained his country's vacillating foreign policy to a Western diplomat by telling him an old Turkish story. "One of the Sultan's governors," he said, "had been condemned to death. As his last wish, he asked to see the Sultan, for he had some very important information to impart to him. When the guilty governor was brought before the Sultan, he told him that he had discovered the secret of how to teach a donkey to talk. If he were granted a year's leave, he would prove it. The Sultan was astounded. He granted the governor his reprieve. Later, the condemned man's friends asked him how he expected to keep his promise. 'In a year's time,' he answered, 'the donkey or the Sultan or I myself may die a natural death; in a year's time many things can happen to save me from the hangman's noose.' "

That is the position of Bulgaria's ruling classes today. But they may not have as much time as the guilty governor.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

Goebbels's Biggest Lie

EVEN before the purge of July 20 there were many signs that a considerable number of high officers in the German army had turned against Hitler. Since the beginning of July the Nazi regime had considered the symptoms of disaffection serious enough to require mention in its propaganda broadcasts, both foreign and domestic. In his funeral oration at the grave of General Dietl, killed in the retreat from Russia, Hitler gave special emphasis to this statement: "May his example inspire many German officers and generals. May they learn to banish any idea that a struggle in which the entire fanaticism of a nation is engaged might end otherwise than in victory." In Switzerland, whose press is as accurate and as well-informed as our own, the statement caused great surprise. The Basel *Nationalzeitung* wrote on July 6:

> Hitler's mysterious allusions indicate that, contrary to his own assurances, frictions and crises of confidence have in fact arisen between the generals as a group and the Supreme Command. A first rift, denoting crisis, divides the highest military authorities.

Immediately afterwards came the dismissal of Marshal von Rundstedt. And although many marshals and generals have been dismissed at one time and another, there was an unusual circumstance this time.The Berlin correspondent of the great Swiss newspaper *Neuen Zuercher Zeitung* wrote on July 8:

> The fact must be stressed that the change in the High Command in the Western theater of war was officially announced. Usually, the man in the street (and the soldier in the ranks!) does not learn about such changes until the new incumbents suddenly appear in photographs and are mentioned in communiqués. . . . Rundstedt's replacement was a complete surprise, even to

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usually well-informed circles in Berlin. It is unanimously understood that Rundstedt's replacement is an event of major importance.

And the correspondent of the Stockholm *Aftonbladet*, who is known to have the best connections among Nazi officials and to be sympathetic to the regime, was able to send to his paper, with the approval of the Nazi censors, the following observations:

> The German army has recently lost an unusually large number of generals. Although some were killed or captured, the majority did obviously surrender to the Russians of their own accord. Earlier in this war, German generals often showed great skill and daring in evading capture, but now their ingenuity seems to be on the decline. Instead, the colony of anti-Nazi German officers in Moscow is growing larger. What is happening now, in fact, could be the subject of an interesting debate. Do German generals, for instance, find a certain satisfaction in falling into enemy hands? And is there a tendency in favor of capitulation among German generals? . . . If German generals have come to the conclusion that the Third Reich no longer has a chance militarily, it is likely that the idea of capitulation will gain ground among them. Some observers consider that this has already happened.

Not only was general disaffection among the officers noticeable; the Nazis themselves drew public attention to it, obviously as psychological preparation for what was to happen. What happened was the throwing of the bomb—a metaphorical bomb, since it is still uncertain that there was a real one. As this is written, all signs indicate that there was not—that the colossal bomb whose explosion was so remarkably ineffective was one of Dr. Goebbels's inventions.

Even less worthy of belief is the official representation that a so-called "clique" of generals and officers had attempted to "usurp" authority in an open *coup d'état*. Every authentic detail that has come to light has indicated more clearly that the Nazis, as is the way with dictatorships, made a preventive move against a possible menace that had not yet taken any definite form. The fact that the alleged bomb-thrower, Graf von Stauffenberg, was executed immediately, instead of being questioned for days and weeks as to his backers and accomplices, indicates that there was nothing to ask questions about. The fact that the "usurpers" did not take possession of any of the dozens of civilian radio stations in Germany, or any of the hundreds of transmitters in the army, indicates that there cannot have been an attempt to seize power. The lightning speed with which the list of "traitors" was published, the smooth precision with which Elite Guard formations entered army staff headquarters all over Europe at exactly the same time and arrested generals in the presence of their men, indicate that it was the Nazis who did all the plotting.

It is fairly simple to reconstruct what actually took place. Among the higher officers the conviction has been growing for weeks that the war is hopelessly lost and must be liquidated at any price, even at that of capitulation. But those who held this view were not united on a course of action. Some favored an "Anglo-American solution;" others, apparently a greater number, favored a "Russian solution." The former wanted to open the gates in the West in order to keep the Red Army and Bolshevism out of Germany; the latter were more inclined to put their hope in Stalin's declaration of November, 1942, that only the "Hitlerite" army, not the German army, would be destroyed, and in the endless stream of propaganda to that effect that has come from General von Seydlitz's committee in Moscow. But regardless of this lack of unity, the spread of defeatism among the higher officers was known to the Nazis, who of course know everything, and they decided to eliminate both schools of thought.

The list of "traitors" was drawn up, the preparations made. But it is not easy to arrest large numbers of angry officers in the midst of their own troops. Such a thing can lead to fighting, and the outcome is uncertain. Therefore it was necessary to invent a story which would, at least for a time, so stupefy, bewilder, and paralyze the troops that they would not readily obey or help their officers. Hence the "bomb," the "plot," the "coup." Of course, in the long run, the story would hurt the morale of the whole country, including the army, but that long-term disadvantage must be accepted in view of overwhelming present necessity.

We must reckon with the fact that hundreds of high officers who wanted to surrender have been massacred or at the very least imprisoned, and with them, indiscriminately, all civilians who could possibly be suspected. We can now give up any thought of a "revolution from above." It is probable that from now on every officer with any extensive authority will have at his side a "political commissar," who will read all his mail, both incoming and outgoing, and hear all his conversations.

Hitler and Himmler now more than ever are certain that there will be no "active" revolution. There never was any likelihood of such a revolution from below; infiltrated by the Gestapo and surrounded by Elite Guards, the people have never been able to do anything. And now a revolution from above is equally unthinkable; all those in high places who may have been willing and able to do something have been eliminated. It is of course possible that others will appear as time goes on. However, there is in principle only one means by which Germans can shorten the war: a "passive" revolution, a revolution that consists in doing nothing, a revolution of fighters who don't fight well enough and workers who don't work well enough. And "the night of the long knives" has made even that more difficult.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Lytton Strachey

BY LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IT IS very understandable that, for last year's Rede Lecture at Cambridge, Max Beerbohm should have chosen to speak about Lytton Strachey.* The two men are far from unlike in temperament; the epigram that Wilde coined for one of them—"The gods have bestowed on Max the gift of eternal old age"—might have been better applied to the other. And the two men are very much alike in their approach to literature as, above everything else, an art. Max's lecture, indeed, is the most graceful of tributes from one very literary man to another. What Max appreciates most in Strachey is his manner, his artistry, his prose; they are the things we should most expect him to appreciate; very likely they are the things that are most to be appreciated. But, like many other graceful tributes, Max's lecture is not very searching criticism; and like much else in Max's writing, it tells more about the author than the subject. But it comes at a good moment, since Strachey was never more neglected; and even its too genial desire to praise serves a good purpose. For the reaction against Strachey—though it was clearly inevitable and in large part sound—has gone too far. I think he will be honorably remembered again, though he will be remembered on other, and smaller, grounds than those on which he was first acclaimed.

Strachey's work already dates, for it embodied an attitude more congenial to its own moment than convincing in ours; an attitude, moreover, that became almost tawdrily fashionable. Yet to call Strachey a debunker is—as Max remarks—not only vulgar but silly: Strachey looked for much more than the feet of clay. Indeed, it was rather less the feet of clay than the Achilles tendon that absorbed him; less what was ignoble in people than what was petty or provincial or absurd; and he often—as with those last words on Manning's hat or Creighton's black bag—forced the note. He was a little too eager to show that a great deal of history's size and brawn was only excess fat.This, I think, arose less from any positive desire to debunk than from a temperamental necessity to question. Strachey was a natural skeptic; but he became much more of one, and a shallower one, because at bottom he was also a romantic. He was half afraid not to be skeptical, for when he forgot to be, he too often soared off into hyperbole and now and then even sank into gush.

Though Strachey won his real recognition as a biographer, he was essentially a man of letters who could almost be said to have seen life in terms of literature. It is one of his fascinations that he treated biography as less a branch of history than an outer province of fiction. His subjects, shaped with a novelist's art, cry out to be imaginary: if only he could take a few real liberties with them, how incomparably glittering or delightful or unbearable they would be! Had Albert not been real, Strachey might have portrayed him as the greatest of all prigs; had Bacon never existed, he might have become the most brilliantly devious of all self-seekers. Even as it was, Strachey went so far as to forget that Dr. Arnold *had been* real; and when the true Elizabeth eluded him, he trumped up something that might pass for her. Victoria, to be sure, with her royal manner and schoolgirl's mind, offered a contrast too piquant to need much tampering with, which may be why she emerges as Strachey's masterpiece. Many of his other characters suffer from more than a sense of the fictional. For Strachey did not handle them fictionally in the one way that might have vindicated his method—that of penetrating to unsuspected depths. On the contrary, while pretending to make people more complex than they seemed, he often made them simpler. The most notorious example of this is Queen Elizabeth. Her shilly-shallying, instead of being probed to its origins, is made the equivalent of the woman herself, and she winds up, as I have said before, much like Indecision in a morality play. I think there was an excessive taste for melodrama in Strachey—it is fairly common to over-civilized minds; at any rate, he too often saw people in a theatrical light and wrote about them in a rhetorical manner.

Strachey's claims as a biographer must rest on "Eminent Victorians" and "Queen Victoria," for "Elizabeth and Essex" is pretty clearly an ornate failure. For its own time "Eminent Victorians"—and not merely because it came first—was more valuable than "Queen Victoria"; in our time it seems rather less successful. Its indictment of Victorian values—values, most of them, that did not perish with Victoria; values, some of them, that will only perish with the race—is still a powerful one. Everything narrow, stupid, rigid, muddled, snobbish, scheming, brutal in the official British character was somehow brought to light; in the moral rather than strictly documentary sense, "Eminent Victorians" ranks among the most telling of modern exposés. But like too many exposés, the moral tone is superior to the factual evidence. After all, if you plan to submerge a whole society by means of four human beings, you have to put weights on all four to make them drag so much else down with them. Toward Dr. Arnold, Strachey lacked a sense of justice; toward Florence Nightingale, a sense of proportion. Perhaps none of the four, except Manning, counts greatly for himself; it is what stands behind and around and above them that Strachey is really firing at. And as a weapon of combat, "Eminent Victorians" was admirable. It hit hard, and afterwards things were not quite the same. Certainly biographies were not. A school of genuine debunkers arose who confused Strachey's faults—not least, his impulse toward malice—with his virtues, and hastened his decline.

"Queen Victoria," created in a more relaxed and temperate mood, has certainly less bite than "Eminent Victorians," and very probably less seriousness. It has the tone of comedy rather than of cold irony. Its exasperating but hardly dangerous heroine can more safely be rendered justice, and justice demanded a certain liking and admiration.

* "Lytton Strachey." By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf. 60 cents.

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The meaning of the events of Victoria's reign is seldom probed; but it could not be if Victoria was to dominate, for it was only society Victoria dominated, not affairs. Yet within limits—and perhaps because there are limits—"Queen Victoria" is a well-nigh perfect biography. Its morality is held in suspension, which makes in the long run for better art. There is a touch of brassiness about "Eminent Victorians." "Queen Victoria" is less weighty, but the metal is purer.

Leaning far more, as a biographer, toward the man of letters than toward the historian, Strachey provides no feeling of mass or scope. In "Eminent Victorians," it is true, much is successfully implied in little. But the great forces and conflicts of history he did not respond to, and perhaps did not fully understand. Too much of history dwindles, with him, into melodrama, tableau, *vanitas*, or a mere joke. His selective method could be deadly; his command of irony accomplished more, at times, than any accumulation of facts could have done, or perhaps any power of analysis. But there remains, for all that, an imperfect insight into large events and *really* eminent men; and a certain want of positive values. Strachey disliked the reactionary, yet he never truly emerges as a liberal. He makes fun of the old-fashioned, yet he is certainly no modern. He judges the nineteenth century rather by the standards of the eighteenth than of his own. Furthermore, his skeptical nature rejected any real idea of progress. He was "enlightened" in the frosty, urbane eighteenth-century sense of the word, which meant rather to deprecate the weaknesses and evils of mankind than suppose they could be cured. All reformers, to Strachey, were apt to be a little funny; all revolutionaries a little mad; and prigs, whatever their virtues, more unendurable than knaves. The point of view has its artistic advantages, but for understanding and interpreting life it is over-civilized—too fastidious and quirky, and not sufficiently humane. Strachey's was a highly cultivated attitude of *ne quid nimis* and *nil admirari*, with a smile at life that hinted a shrug. That is one reason why he appealed so greatly to a post-war generation; another is that, for all his destructiveness, he never attacked the generation's own defenses.

Strachey's happy hunting ground was, of course, the eighteenth century: the Augustan way of life, the classical virtues, are what he most admired, and in a sense most romanticized. He recognized, as who would not, the personal faults of the Augustans. He understood, too, the price—in breadth of experience—that a Walpole or Madame du Deffand paid for what he got. But he did not think the price too high. The eighteenth century delights the artist in almost all of us, but repels the human being; Strachey, however, saw the period almost entirely artistically, and so became romantic about it. He even copied its tendency to snigger. What he could not acquire was its prose style; as the child of the nineteenth century, or at most of the Gibbonian eighteenth, Strachey liked rhetoric and high language far too well. He could be insufferably highflown in a way that would have made Gray or Walpole wince. On the other hand, the best of his short pieces—which rank with the best of his work—spring from his intense feeling for the eighteenth-century way of life; and his strong classical sense led him to write, long before the reaction against romanticism, his tonic essays on Racine and Stendhal.

I do not think that Strachey was a notably good critic. He could appreciate genuinely, and a little more eclectically than we might imagine; he could demolish stupidity, pedantry, incompetence; he could raise some very interesting points. But the critic in him lay too close to the bookworm and too far away from the psychologist and real man of the world. He is too literary to be a first-rate judge of literature.

It would not be easy to maintain that Strachey will be a figure of any lasting importance. Yet there is a different view to be taken of him, the view that Beerbohm—without formulating it—takes in his lecture. Uncritical as the lecture is—doubtless tact made it ignore what taste would have made it condemn—it yet reminds us, as we need to be reminded, of the sheer pleasure that Strachey provides. For all its faults, the style *is* both a commanding and a brilliant one. The narrative gift is remarkably fine; the architectural sense remarkably sure. A little like Macaulay before him, Strachey made, as it were, a good story of everything he wrote; he might be vulgar, or shallow, or high-pitched, or misleading; but he was never dull. The lively, cultivated, often distinguished pleasure he knew how to provide need only be assessed it its true value; it certainly need not be spurned.

India Is Still There

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By Kumar Goshal. Sheridan House. $3.

REVOLUTION IN INDIA. By Frances Gunther. Island Press. Cloth, $2; Paper, $1.

PEOPLES OF INDIA. By William H. Gilbert, Jr. Smithsonian Institution. 25 cents.

WITH the attention of the United Nations concentrated on the offensives in Europe and the Pacific, the problem of India has been left in the backwash of current world developments. In true perspective, however, the political status of India remains one of the inescapable issues of the war that is now being fought around the world. It is also an immediately practical issue in terms of war operations, since full enlistment of Indian national energies would lead to a much more rapid crumbling of the Japanese military position in Burma and Southeast Asia generally.

The Indian problem of today, despite its greater complexities, is as simple in its broad outlines as was that of the American colonies at the end of the eighteenth century. Too often its salient features are overlaid with irrelevant or subsidiary matter, or bogged down in technicalities and legal niceties. Kumar Goshal has so used the wealth of detail in his comprehensive analysis that it clarifies both the historical background and the contemporary issues. A straightforward and unpretentious style and a careful apportionment of space, which leaves roughly half the book to pre-modern developments, contribute to the same end. Mainly for these reasons, he has written one of the most cogent and powerful statements of the case for Indian freedom that have appeared in English.

Introductory chapters, which sketch the main aspects of India's early society and culture, provide an insight into the evolution of the Indian people. They also serve to re-create

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the situation which existed when the first Portuguese, Dutch, British, and French traders arrived in the sixteenth century. British penetration, developing slowly, passed through several distinct phases—Goshal's account in each case is documented from British sources. The wealth of the Indies was not a rhetorical phrase in the pre-industrial era. It existed in the form of well-developed artisan manufactures as much as in gold. Familiar speeches by Burke and Sheridan publicized the excesses of the early "plunder" phase, which became starker as the East India Company engaged in internal trade and monopolized the civil revenues. Less familiar are the two great economic turning-points, and their significance, in the history of the British connection with India. The sudden influx of Indian treasure after the Battle of Plassey in 1757 provided the capital needed to set in motion the combination of factors in England—demand for standardized goods, surplus labor power, and new inventions—which produced the Industrial Revolution. New economic requirements were thereby created. The rising industrialists sought to transform India into a market for British exports and a source of raw materials. It was their attack which exposed the East India Company, and finally broke the trade monopoly. Their victory, and the second turning-point, came in 1813. Thereafter, heavy tariffs discouraged British imports of Indian manufactures, the exports of British factory goods to India multiplied, and millions of Indian artisans were forced back on the land to grow indigo, tea, raw cotton, wool, jute, and food grains. This change set the pattern of the Indian economy. Industrialization was prevented for nearly a century, and is still retarded in basic respects.

The rise of Indian nationalism forms the dominant theme of the second half of Goshal's study. Beginning with the intelligentsia in the late eighties, the tide broadens and deepens until it sweeps in the great peasant and worker masses of India. The peasant *Kisan Sabha* and the trade unions give the Congress Party of today its roots in the people, which are its real strength and make it truly representative. Careful analysis is devoted to the great popular Indian struggles of this century, beginning with the successful fight against the partition of Bengal. The reader can come to but one conclusion: transfer of power, *if British policy favored it*, could be peacefully accomplished with a minimum of disturbance. Repression of the Congress and manipulation of the divisive forces—the Princes, the Moslems, and such devices as communal electorates—make it likely that the transition, when it comes, will create widespread upheaval and bloodshed. Unless real change in policy occurs, a chapter in early American history will be repeated in India.

This conclusion, inherent in Goshal's analysis, is openly expressed by Frances Gunther. "Revolution in India" is bitterly challenging, a denunciation not only of Britain but of the United Nations for failing to take more positive measures in behalf of India. It is also an arsenal of facts dealing with virtually every controversial issue affecting Britain's relation to India. Within its brief limits here is a mine of exact information primed with heavy charges of TNT. As a debater's handbook on India it is unexcelled, although to many it will not be as convincing as Goshal's more temperate argument. The author would favor a challenge to Britain's policy on India by the other United Nations, but evidently believes that the final sanction of Indian independence will have to be the strength and determination of the Indian people.

"Peoples of India" is an extraordinary document to appear in the Smithsonian's War Series. In its catalogue of languages, races, and castes, as well as its social and political comments on the side, it follows the typical line of propaganda on India which has been so overworked. In this respect it surpasses even the Simon report. When, in addition, one learns that Indian poverty is due to overcrowding and Indian malnutrition to ignorance, while poverty and famine are in turn cited as evidence for overcrowding, both the logic and the propaganda seem equally amazing. No reader should miss the list of Indian "temperamental characteristics," evidently designed to illustrate the hopeless backwardness of such "peoples." On the political side, so the author states, the United Nations must find a solution to "the decision of the Congress Party to refrain from cooperation in winning the war." This booklet will not help Americans to understand either the Indian people or the vital issues at stake in India.

T. A. BISSON

Invitation to Learning

FRONTIERS OF AMERICAN CULTURE: A STUDY OF ADULT EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

ADULT education is, as Mr. Adams says, a jungle. It is, as he is too polite to say, a jungle with an additional undergrowth of pedantry and pedagoguese. When the American Association for Adult Education asked him to write a volume on the subject, he wisely bypassed as much of the jungle as possible, to follow a path marked out by his customary historian's sense and his customary command of pungent English. The result is a highly readable work of broad social meaning.

In this book, as in his earlier "Epic of America" and "The American," Mr. Adams lays down the thesis that Americans have been distinguished by their individual striving to get ahead and their collective faith in the "American Dream" of opportunity for all. As an explanation of a whole people's experience the thesis can be and has been sharply criticized, but few other theses would explain as well the continuing American quest for education beyond formal schooling. Perceptively, with humor but never with condescension, Mr. Adams traces that quest from the colonial period, when most adults could learn only by living, on through the era of organized self-improvement in such agencies as the Grange and the Rotary, correspondence schools, and radio institutes. His chapters on specific agencies are uneven in value—the sections on workers' schools and university extension courses dissolve into a succession of pleasant generalizations. But when the chapters are good they are strikingly good. His treatment of men's and women's clubs cuts through to the dilemma of the women's-emancipation movement, which for too many women resulted merely in winning the right to stand up in the bus and to be bored by Browning. Mr. Adams is optimistic about the newer trends of the move-

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ment, but his implied recommendations are a good deal less convincing than his analysis.

It is always in its normative phases that this book is least satisfying. Mr. Adams is far from uncritical of the way adult education has functioned, but too often the fangs of his criticism are pulled by a graceful "on the other hand." If adult education is as important as Mr. Adams says it is—and in that he is certainly right—it is important enough to be favored by unrelenting criticism. His tendency to substitute urbanity for cogency in looking toward the future has most serious consequences in the discussion of post-war adult education. How far such a program should be controlled by the federal government is a serious question of immediate importance, to be shaken down to its fundamentals as quickly as possible. Mr. Adams indicates that he wants as little federal control as possible, but he glides around the mine traps of the discussion by a jocular disavowal of "political" interests, by setting in opposition a vague something called "planning by a few" and a vague something called "the individualism of the many," by a persistent casualness. It is a pity that a book which does so much to make the past of adult education inviting should do so little to rescue its future from irrelevant clichés and inadequate dichotomies.

ERIC F. GOLDMAN

Fiction in Review

IT IS surely one of the significant aspects of our current fiction, especially of our current patriotic fiction, that its writing tends to be either so affectedly modest or so elaborate and pretentious. On the one hand, we have the prose of John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano": "Major Victor Joppolo, U. S. A., was a good man. You will see that . . . Major Joppolo was Amgot officer of Adano, and he was good," and on the other, the torrential stream of self-consciousness of a book like Joseph Stanley Pennell's "The History of Rome Hanks" (Scribner, $2.75). Here is a sample of Mr. Pennell's prose, which has been described as Joycean, John Dos Passosian, Proustian, and everything except fustian:

> Is it then so simple as this, Lee thought, staring beyond the desk-drawer with rapt eyes and a soft frown, that he had not been apprised of certain truisms of life with a capital L? Or was it perhaps that he had, at nineteen, been too subtly (or too subtly to mark his unique convolutions) apprised? Nor yet would that seem to have been true, for, later, through the vertical-cum-horizontal arc of his life, he was apprised—and that rudely—many times over of these truisms, but he could not, did not, or would not grant them a roosting place.

On first glance, the two styles seem to have little connection, but actually they have a close spiritual kinship. For these are not two literary manners designed to express two different ways of thought. Rather, they are two different expressions of immaturity and non-thought. Mr. Hersey tells us simple and obvious things so simply as to make us believe he is being profound. Mr. Pennell tells us simple and obvious things so elaborately as to make us believe he is being profound.

And of the two methods, I must say I prefer Mr. Hersey's,

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if only because it is easier to read. But in addition, "A Bell for Adano" serves some objective, if primitive, political end, whereas "The History of Rome Hanks" seems to me to be nothing, either in writing or conception, but self-indulgence. It often turns out that patriotism is a very self-regarding sentiment and that love of one's land is merely a manifestation of self-love. It is certainly the case that in Mr. Pennell's novel the assertion of the glory that is America shows itself to be basically only an assertion of the glory that is the author himself.

"The History of Rome Hanks" is a very chaotic affair and when I say that it has a central character named Lee Harrington I do not mean central in the sense of giving the book a center; I mean merely that Lee Harrington is the alter ego of Mr. Pennell. Lee Harrington has been taunted by the sneers of a Vassar girl—"I am sure your grandfather must have been a fine old Southern gentleman!"—into investigating his ancestors. Lee's ancestors fought in the Civil War and large portions of the novel deal with Civil War reminiscences. (There is perhaps an inordinate emphasis upon amputated legs.) For the rest, Harrington's excursion into the past uncovers the usual amount of fortitude and accident and life-energy which it takes to continue the generations. But what is interesting, and especially so in view of the confusion of Mr. Pennell's time sequences, is the fact that although Lee Harrington has frequently appeared in the narrative as a grown person (usually prowling a street of brothels), the last chapter of the novel is devoted to his birth. We are led to conclude, that is, that the whole point of "The History of Rome Hanks" was to discover just how much suffering and courage combined to produce Pennell-Harrington. And since the answer is, "A great deal," we are irreverently inclined to ask, "Was it worth it?"

Although no doubt one could find something touching in the youthful hankering of certain of our present-day novelists after an American past or an American spirit, I think I would be a great deal more sympathetic to these researches if they were less clearly inspired by and informed with the easy emotions of present-day journalism. For while it is true that journalism, the most widely traveled of all aspects of our culture, has been aptest to speak of a peculiarly American responsibility in the world, it is also true that it was journalism that created the concept of the American century, with its overtones of imperialism. Also we must remember that it is journalism, of all aspects of our literary life, which is least committed to a cultural tradition and consequently most impelled to seek or create a quick substitute for tradition. But the sad thing is, of course, that no cultural heritage can be established overnight; it can only be whooped up overnight. Our journalists are therefore in a fair way to making a nation with a rich if not always conscious culture into a nation of cultural *arrivistes*.

DIANA TRILLING

"If it were quite certain that whoever writes the peace treaty—whether Mr. Roosevelt or another—would be hanged the instant the treaty was ratified, any reasonable agreement would be ratified like a shot. Unfortunately, though, the writer of a good treaty will not be hanged but will be praised and admired, and this a certain number of Senators cannot endure. Therefore, they will certainly try to kill any treaty that may be made, and with the two-thirds rule to assist them they have a good chance of doing so. You think not? Then read this book* and see what happened before."—GERALD W. JOHNSON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

* THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE By Ruhl J. Bartlett, $2.50. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, No. Carolina

The Pagan State

PLEA FOR LIBERTY. By Georges Bernanos. Pantheon Books. $3.

GEORGES BERNANOS, French Catholic and friend of Maritain and Péguy, earned the esteem of many liberals in this country with his magnificent and terrible book "Diary of My Times," which described the Spanish war as he saw it. A devout churchman, he was one of a small but stalwart band who dared to speak out against the crimes that were committed by Franco's followers behind the skirts of the church and in her name. Thereby he earned the right to have his plea for liberty read by all who are troubled about what may follow the fighting which is still going on.

That plea is couched in the Biblical form of epistles—to the Brazilians, with whom he took refuge after Munich, to the English, whom he hails as brothers mutually responsible with the French for the future of Europe, to the Americans, whom he knows very little, to the Europeans, of whom he himself is one.

In these epistles he shows himself master of a style of writing which has almost disappeared from English literature. These are exhortations in the grand manner—witty, brilliant, powerful in their analysis and their warning, persuasive in their appeal, reminiscent of the great sermons with which our grandfathers scourged their consciences. In the subtle and glowing translation by Harry Binsse their language provides an exhilaration too seldom met with in this journalistic age.

But the purpose of exhortation is not so much to please as to admonish and convert. Cut away the wit, the skill with hortatory dialectic, the passionate and stimulating anger, the wealth of quotable phrase, and what have you?

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What kind of liberty is this French mystic pleading for? What kind of tyranny does he fear?

He finds that France fell because it was betrayed by its middle class, which was more interested in security than in honor. This middle class—not the Marxian bourgeois, but the great timid lump of mediocre dim-wits—is a potential danger in any country, even in England or the United States. The dry rot of materialism which reduced them to a cowering shell in France is already spreading to their brothers in other countries.

The real menace of our age is not Nazism or communism but this materialism beloved of the middle class, which feeds the pagan state, the Moloch state. Rome first raised this god-state to greatness; then Christianity with its emphasis on the spiritual value of the individual undermined and destroyed it. Now it threatens us again. Germans through Nazism, Russians through communism, perhaps—though he is not specific—Americans through advocacy of a strong central government, are all trying to raise it up on a new pedestal.

"The pagan state," Bernanos says, "is not only reincarnate in institutions: it has stamped itself upon minds and consciences. Communists or totalitarians, workers or bourgeois—each conceives the god in a different image and prays to him after his own fashion. . . . Today, just as it was twenty centuries ago, they base their hopes on a colossal bureaucracy. Henceforward too slothful freely to assume duties, and none the less rent with fear at the thought of the probable result of their vices, they will gladly hand over to the government the task of saving them from themselves, of forcing them to do what is necessary, provided only that their vanity may be spared, provided that they may always call themselves voters and be deemed in control of that vast machinery."

The pagan state "already regulates our toil and our lives." So what shall we do? Electing republicans won't save us, for at the rate things are going "a change of deputies or senators will matter no more than a change of umbrellas." What is needed is, first, a renewal of Christian virtue. The free man's bulwark against the menace of the pagan state is the church. Of it he expects "what God himself expects: that she shape men truly free, a breed of free men peculiarly effective because freedom is for them not only a right but an obligation, a duty, for which they must render God an accounting."

The second step toward salvation is even more provocative. With a renewal of Christian virtue may come, says M. Bernanos, a new chivalry which shall divorce power from wealth. In the eleventh century, which was singularly like our own, the kings had power, prestige, divine right. The Jews had money, but little else—not respect, nor power, nor even security. When the rulers needed money they took it. And there was more honor in being a poor but chivalrous knight than in being a rich man with a craven soul.

M. Bernanos is prepared for jeers, and it should be said in his defense that he is disarmingly frank about the difference between his ideal church and the recent practice in Spain. Readers familiar with medieval political and economic conditions may shudder at an attempt to abolish the slaveries of this period by returning to those of that older age. But mystics can always escape practical objections by a counter-attack with their own variety of double-talk. It is as difficult to debate with them as to fence with quicksilver.

What is more important than trying to refute M. Bernanos's argument is to recognize that he is making himself the eloquent spokesman for three ideas which are appearing with increasing frequency in European writing. One is the assumption that communism has shown itself to have no more to offer men seeking liberty than has fascism or democratic capitalism. One is the plea for a rebirth of Christian virtue. One is an opposition to the power of money.

These ideas have appeared in speeches by De Gaulle, in the writings of Yugoslav Partisans, among certain Italian radicals. Singly or in combination, they will probably form

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part of the new radicalism which is being born in the cloudy depths of European suffering. What shape that new radicalism will take, where it will come from, is not yet clear. Its eventual appearance is inevitable as fascism disappears, democratic capitalism moves toward the right, and communism takes the center position. For a Protestant American it is very difficult to see a Catholic mystic as the Messiah of the new dogma that will surely come to fill the vacuum on the left. But M. Bernanos might be its John the Baptist crying in the present wilderness. MILDRED ADAMS

History as It Should Be Told

THE MAKING OF MODERN CHINA: A SHORT HISTORY. By Owen and Eleanor Lattimore. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

IF THE purpose of history is to provide an understanding of the peoples who now live in this world and of their problems, this brief volume is a brilliant example of competent history writing. Most Americans know practically nothing of Chinese history. This is in part a reflection on the curriculum makers of our schools and colleges, who have taken an extraordinarily narrow view of human history. But it has also been due to the technical difficulties of writing histories of ancient countries like China or India, which have so much history to be covered.

Mr. and Mrs. Lattimore bypass most of these difficulties by concentrating on the development of the Chinese people, their ways of making a living, their ways of thinking, and their contacts with the outside world. Political developments are not neglected, but they are viewed in relation to the more basic social and economic changes. Fully half of the book, moreover, deals with modern China, the relatively brief period in which China has been influenced by contacts with the Western world. The result of this approach is to reduce the number of difficult, unfamiliar Chinese names to a surprisingly small number. Yet the great characters of Chinese history are all here, and they are treated in such a way as to impress the reader with their distinctive contributions.

Surprisingly enough, it is in the treatment of contemporary China that the book comes nearest to falling short of its objective. This is obviously not due to any lack of knowledge on the part of the authors. The historical sections provide an excellent background for the understanding of the problems of the present. Yet many of these crucial problems are glossed over by sweeping statements such as the following dealing with the totalitarian tendencies in the Kuomintang. "China is a democratic country," the authors declare, "in the sense that the party and the government represent what the vast majority of the people want." To buttress this statement, they give an extraordinary amount of space to a description of the functions and activities of the People's Political Council, an institution that could more accurately be cited as an example of the frustration of democratic aspirations in China than of their attainment. It is easy to understand why Mr. Lattimore should hesitate to criticize China in time of war. But is unfortunate that this extremely valuable book should be marred by short-range political considerations. MAXWELL S. STEWART

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FILMS

LATE as it seems, and little use as it is likely to be, and bad as in most respects it is, I am glad to see a moving picture which may help to remind a few millions of us of the people who—along with their attackers—have been involved in this war longest, most exhaustingly, and with the least help from their nominal allies. There are other things about "Dragon Seed" which I am more than glad to see in a movie. It is good to hear a man have the simplicity to tell his war-eroded wife, when she asks him whether he would have married her if she had been as she now is during their courtship, that he probably wouldn't have. It is good to hear it explained of a collaborationist that he was motivated entirely by devotion to his family. It is good to be shown, even sketchily, the mutually enriching sources of the reverence and contentment and fortitude of an old and upright man—his land, his wife, his sons, his grandchild. It is good to see this natural piety of his, and his sense of the sovereignty of the family, yield so slowly and with such pain to the imperious force of mere generalized community; and to see for the first time in a film even a little of the enormity and anguish it is for a family to destroy and to abandon its home and its farm.

It is good, too, to match a man who feels that killing, under no matter what circumstances, is a fearful act, as thorough in its consequences in the killer as in the killed. Or to hear a young man—an ally and a patriot—who has developed a vengeful obsession for cruel killing, spoken of by his father as "the sort of man I hate and fear most." Or to see a man wonder—and doubt—whether a people which has spent years at war can ever hope, as he says, to "get back to ourselves," except possibly through the memories of peace which the old transmit to those who are too young to have endured the guilt.

Such matters aside, however, "Dragon Seed" is an almost unimaginably bad movie. Mrs. Buck persists in a questionable habit of making her Chinese peasants talk like a Bible revised by Butcher-Leaf-Lang-and-Myers. This Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film is a limp-leather-bound, goosefleshy Golden Treasury of such talk—"the wind has brought the rain" instead of "it's raining" or just watching it fall; "you place the book where my hand cannot reach it" instead of "put that back, damn it." I wouldn't like it any better, I must grant, if the same characters talked like vaudeville laundrymen, or internationalized themselves with phrases like "by heck" or "tarnation strike me"; in fact I think that finding a diction proper to so-called simple folk is one of the most embarrassing, not to say hopeless, literary problems we have set ourselves.

M.-G.-M. was up against still other problems. The California countryside they chose for location shots, Mrs. Buck is reported to have said, was a dead-ringer for parts of China before they got busy terracing it, reterracing it, and finally painting the terraces to make sure they would show. The film's backgrounds are full of the evidence of this immense, earnest, rather pathetic labor: they look about as real and as habitable as a miniature golf course, and very likely cost as much as it would have to transfer the whole company to China.

Against these unearthly, sepia-tinted landscapes, speaking their inhuman language, move such distinguished Chinese as Katharine Hepburn and Walter Huston and Aline MacMahon and Akim Tamiroff and Henry Travers and Agnes Moorhead and Turhan Bey; indeed, I've never seen another picture so full of wrong slants. Since there are plenty of genuine and good Chinese actors around Hollywood, some of whom appear as the Japanese in this film, it was entirely unnecessary for these principals to undertake their hopeless assignments, and I shan't even try to say how awful and silly they looked—Miss Hepburn especially, in her shrewdly tailored, Peck-&-Peckish pajamas—with the occasional exception of Miss MacMahon and the rather frequent exception of Mr. Huston. Both of them obviously realized that it was much more important to convey the emotions of human beings than the charade mannerisms of Little Theater Chinese. In fact I cannot think of any other non-Chinese actor simple and sincere enough to manage so finely, under such difficult circumstances, as Walter Huston has done. To mention only two more of the main things wrong with this picture, "quaint" psuedo-Chinese back-ground-music was never more insultingly out of place. And I have never so intensely deplored the more and more stylish device of transitional narration, which here cosily, rather patronizingly, as if it were prodding those whom it talks of with its pipe-stem, comments upon the courage and endurance of a people—in the wheel-chair voice, if I'm not mistaken, of Dr. Gillespie.

JAMES AGEE

RECORDS

OF THE last recordings of Mozart symphonies that Beecham made with the London Philharmonic, Columbia has issued the one of K.338 (Set 548; $3.50), which replaces the old Beecham-Royal Philharmonic recording in the Columbia catalogue. That leaves—if I am correctly informed—one more still to be issued here: a recording of K.201.

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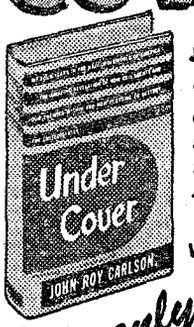

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quietly poignant interludes like those of the first movement of K.385 ("Haffner"). The rush of high spirits in the finale also is interrupted by moments of wistful reflection, by powerful outbursts. In short, the content, stature, weight, and impact are those of one of the great symphonies.

Most readers will want to know only that the new performance is superb and is recorded as beautifully as most other Beecham-London Philharmonic performances; and that the surfaces of my copy produce a little grit and crackling and sputtering. Some will be interested, as I was, in the differences between the old and new performances (to compare them I had to reduce the speed of my motor for the old recording to get the performance down from C sharp to C major). In the old performance the first movement is slower, and slows down for the quiet interludes; this increases the majesty and power and poignancy, whereas the faster and unslackening pace of the new performance gives the music urgency which is heightened by the sharper inflection. The second movement, on the other hand, moves a little faster and more easily in the old performance. In the finale the only difference is the sharper inflection of the new performance.

Columbia also has issued Schubert's Piano Sonata Opus 120 played by Casadesus (Set X-236; $2.50). This is the one that is most played by students and amateurs—which may be why the public has the idea that all of Schubert's sonatas are minor works with only the pretty melodies and the archnesses of this one. And if the public thinks of them as insipid and trivial it has got that impression from performances like Casadesus's of this one. A performer's inflection of a melody—his differentiation of its sounds and lifting of some into higher relief than others by gradations of force and pace—is his way of making the meaning he hears in it apparent to the listener. And Casadesus conveys to the listener how little meaning Schubert's melodies have for him with the pallid murmur that comes from his fingers, and that is in addition made dull and muffled by recording. The surfaces in this set are much noisier than the ones in the Mozart set.

For one of its two July record classics Columbia has chosen from its catalogue another superb Beecham-London Philharmonic performance and recording—the Suite from Bizet's "Carmen" (Set X-144; $2.50). One can accept this choice even though one can think of better ones; but it is downright perversion of the idea to feature as a record classic the set (440; $2.75) of Patter Songs from Gilbert and Sullivan sung by Nelson Eddy. His voice, when he sings, is fine; but his style, whether he sings or uses parlando, is poor; and the orchestra sounds terrible. The surfaces in these sets also are poor.

A reader writes to ask: "Why are many recordings so unspeakably bad in the sheer mechanics of catching the sound of a musical performance? I refer to gritty sounds, harsh passages, and scratching. Has the war made things worse because certain materials are not to be had? Or don't the recording companies give a damn? They certainly passed off some inferior stuff before the war." My correspondent has correctly answered his questions. The war did make things worse by creating a shortage of materials, the most important of which was shellac; but the companies have been getting all the shellac they can use since last March or April; and they did produce records with the defects my correspondent describes even before the war. The buying public, in effect, didn't give a damn about those defects; so the companies didn't have to. If it should ever become necessary for phonographs and records to be without defects in order to sell, the manufacturers will give a damn about producing them without defects.

Mr. Jay Leida of 6227¼ DeLongpre Avenue, Hollywood 28, California, writes that he is preparing a translation of Mussorgsky's letters and would welcome information about the existence of Mussorgsky manuscripts and documents in American collections.

If anyone else has written me recently and not received an answer will he please write again, since my letterbox was broken open while I was away.

To brighten things up after this painful item I will quote part of a publicity release from the Philadelphia Orchestra about Ormandy's visit to Australia. Ormandy spent an hour with General MacArthur discussing music; and the release quotes from his letter to Harl McDonald, the orchestra's manager, as follows:

> When I referred to your "Bataan" which you dedicated to him, his face suddenly became very serious, and he said: "Bataan was not a happy day in my life—and there will not be any happy days until we take back Bataan and everything that goes with it." Then he looked me straight in the face and said: "Ormandy," (here the censor deleted the two lines of the General's statement).

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Tributes to Wallace

Dear Sirs: I wonder if Henry A. Wallace, despite being a "good loser," thinks of Aristides, whom the Athenians ostracised because they were tired of hearing him called "the just"? Wasn't the outstanding "liberal" in the Democratic Party, President Roosevelt himself not excluded, too frank and straight-forward to please the machine politicians who constituted most of the personnel of the Chicago convention?

Who else "called a spade a spade" and dared to denounce race discrimination on the convention floor? Didn't machine politicians feel that renomination of Mr. Wallace would alienate the Solid South and even result in a "white supremacy" party being organized there? What did they care for Gallup and other polls of public opinion which showed that Wallace was the overwhelming favorite of their party's rank and file?

That machine politicians assume a "public be damned" attitude is no more obvious than the fact that a new political alignment in this country of ours is long overdue. H. M. MERRILL

Laconia, N. H., July 22

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stone's prophesy "Wallace it will be" in the current edition of *The Nation* makes melancholic reading today.

What shall the liberals of America do now? We must take advantage of the fact that Mr. Wallace, in all probability, will be free of official restraints in January, 1945, and we must keep in mind that it has been the weakness of American progressives that they have lacked unity and leadership of character and vision for a long time.

May I suggest that you should give serious thought to how we can use Mr. Wallace's great abilities and popularity for the further advancement of American liberalism. HANS LAMM

New York, July 22

Dear Sirs: It is unfortunate that a great American like Henry A. Wallace lost the nomination for Vice-President because of "bossism." He lost it also because he lacked stronger support by the President. The Vice-President is definitely the man of the people. He is a great liberal. He is the voice of the masses in this troublesome era. He fought against racial persecution and oppression; he fought for labor; he fought for the farmer; he fought for the "little man."

It is unfortunate that the electoral system of this country does not permit the people to reelect Wallace together with Roosevelt even though he lost the nomination of his party. Such an event would be a slap at "bossism."

ALEXIS J. MORTOLA

New York, July 24

The Real Health Problem

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "The Health Scandal" draws attention to a situation that needs attention, but—like many current discussions—it misses the real center of this problem. Medical care, as practiced traditionally, becomes operative only when something has gone wrong. The patient, then, gets treatment which in quantity and quality varies with his financial position; but it is doubtful that this means that the indigent gets the poorest care and the richest gets the best. (See the many excellent free clinics and hospitals.)

The main difference between medical care in civilian life and that in the armed forces is not the financial availability, but the fact that in private life the patient goes to the doctor while in military life the physician searches for disease in the apparently healthy person.

To make present-type medical care available to all by proper financial arrangements will unquestionably prevent some premature deaths and some chronic, disabling conditions. It is unlikely that it will create a generation of men better fit mentally and physically.

In private practice the patient pays, according to a silent contract, for the particular service he desires. And, under this contract, the physician's responsibility ceases when that specific service has been rendered. It would come under the heading of questionable professional ethics, if a physician insisted on examining your heart and lungs when you go to him to have a foreign body removed from your eye.

A fitter population — statistically speaking—can hardly be expected by a more equitable distribution of therapeutic medicine—as much as the latter is to be wished for—but only by the fullest application of preventive medicine.

The present-day fight between individual practice and socialized medicine goes deeper than the much discussed financial implications for doctor and patient. In a much more fundamental sense, it is a fight for a different orientation of the physician's responsibility. The real question is whether the physician shall be responsible to his *patient* for the particular job for which he is paid or whether he shall be responsible to the *community* for the best possible health of all.

Any health insurance scheme *per se* will only give the poor the choice that the rich now have: to protect or neglect their health. A real advance in health matters must establish both the physician's *and* the client's responsibility to cooperate in the creation of optimum health.

MAX PINNER, M.D.

Bedford Hills, N. Y., July 24

Mr. Agee's Blood Pressure

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that Mr. Agee should immediately forego attendance at all movies. Surely he must be constantly on the verge of apoplexy.

MARTIN L. LAMER

West Haven, Conn., July 21

CONTRIBUTORS

RAY JOSEPHS has recently returned from Argentina, where he was correspondent for *PM* and *Variety*. His book, "Argentine Diary," is a best-seller.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG has spent most of her time since 1921 in Russia. She is the author of "I Change Worlds."

ALFRED VAGTS, author of "A History of Militarism" and "Hitler's Second Army," is a recognized authority in the field of military science.

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LOUIS KRONENBERGER, theater critic of *PM*, is the author of "Kings and Desperate Men," a study of the eighteenth century.

MILDRED ADAMS was in Spain when its constitution was adopted in 1931. She has translated a number of Spanish political works into English.

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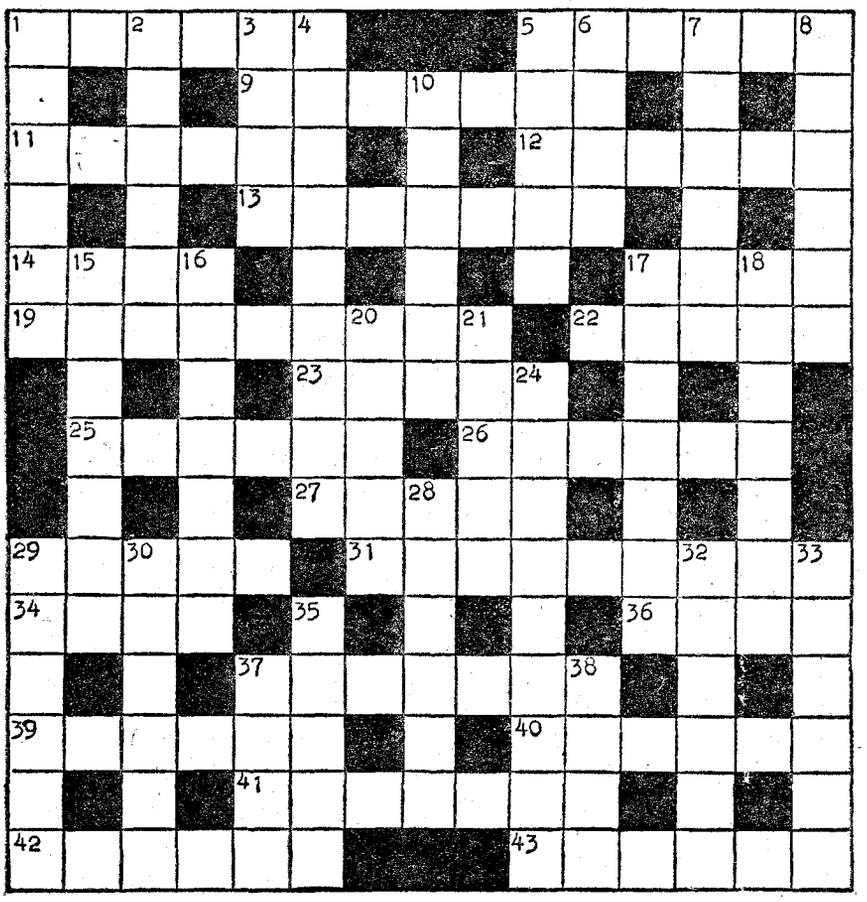
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 75 by JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 He stood up to Sitting Bull at Little Big Horn
5 A psalm (anag.)
9 Half-a-score fit, so capable of being defended
11 Put off—by the man in red, no doubt
12 Artists' stands, but not their pitches
13 A man with ruffled hair? The Prince of Darkness, surely
14 Give a girl "the eye"
17 An operatic Prince
19 A poor state, except in the case of crops grown to sow again
22 What bakers do to make dough
23 The graceful creature is put off by being given tea
25 Relationship of Necessity to Invention
26 "How happy is the blameless ------'s lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot" (Pope)
27 Takes the plunge
29 "Liberty and -----, now and forever, one and inseparable"
31 A man of the world
34 One cannot truthfully call Broadway the Great White Way today, thanks to this
36 Sort of advice we get through the ages
37 Mien of the man who has just collected a relief payment?
39 Home of bees—not apes
40 Seventh President of the French Republic
41 A serial over the radio
42 Cathedral city where more than one Frenchman has been crowned
43 Barmy

DOWN

1 Bric-a-brac
2 Not hard to detect an M.P. in distorted stories
3 Ante up
4 How Red-gauntlet was caught?
5 Attorneys do, in simple addresses
6 I have an inclination for such a part of the joint
7 Similar to a sled, but longer
8 Bard, us? Ridiculous!
10 Kempis told Sam I'd start tomorrow (hidden)
15 Relevant, which is more than a Teuton is
16 Numerically progressive, the author hopes
17 Drops into
18 A tree with heather attached makes it appear younger
20 Ever poetically, that is
21 Here a verse is cut
24 Ulster fly (anag.)
28 Varies from a community in Italy
29 Henna dye won't cure you of being this
30 Courtois discovered this universal antiseptic in 1811
32 "I'm a bus!" (anag.)
33 They rank below the nobility
35 This English poet seems to be contradictory
37 A short snort
38 No man can ---- what he never had, Izaak Walton decided

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 74

ACROSS:—1 GOODYEAR; 8 CAMERON; 9 INNOCENT; 10 SECULAR; 12 EMMET; 13 NAPLES; 14 RATEL; 15 DANIEL; 17 BROIL; 22 WATER; 23 VENICE; 24 HAREM; 26 AERATE; 28 WELLS; 29 SIMPLON; 30 DALADIER; 31 YOUNGER; 32 INCENSED.
DOWN:—1 GRISELDA; 2 ORNAMENT; 3 YACHT; 4 AWNING; 5 CAMEL; 6 PERUSAL; 7 POMADES; 10 SPARE; 11 CERISE; 16 ENAMEL; 18 PECAN; 19 VILLAINS; 20 MEASURED; 21 HALIDOM; 22 WEAPONS; 25 PETAIN; 27 ROMEO; 28 WHALE.

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